

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Omnipresence of the Deity. A Poem. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1828. S. Maunders.

MR. MONTGOMERY, the younger, has already (if we are not misinformed) distinguished himself, though anonymously, as the Juvenal of the age, by producing a satire, to the commanding merits of which *The Literary Chronicle* last season bore ample testimony. By this observation we do not mean to assert that the work we allude to was faultless; but it certainly contained sufficient evidence that the writer was imbued with the true spirit of poetic feeling, and capable of giving expression to his thoughts in language at once nervous, eloquent, and polished, or, if it better suited the aim of his satire, in terms of sarcastic irony and indignant declamation. We were, however, but little prepared to expect from his pen, and in so short a space of time too, a poem of so high an order, so beautifully conceived, and so elaborately finished, as the work before us; for, in our opinion, were he never to write another line, he would be allowed to have won, by his 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' a wreath which the most successful bard of the present day might be proud to wear.

No subject can possibly be more sublime than that which represents an all-pervading Power superintending and directing the universe—a Deity omnipotent and omnipresent. What the author's idea of its grandeur and importance is, may fairly be inferred from the following eloquent passage, which we quote from the very commencement of the poem:—

'THOU UNCREATE, UNSEEN, and UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Pervading SPIRIT, whom no eye can trace,
Felt thro' all time, and working in all space,—
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not!
'Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born
Earth,
Or young Creation revell'd in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of Darkness drew the breathing World!
'Ere matter form'd at Thy creative tone,
Thou wert!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone;
In Thine own essence, all that was to be—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
Thou said'st—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day
morn'!

Grand and poetical as the foregoing lines are, they are by no means superior to the general tone of the poem. Similar exalted notions of the Deity, couched in terms not less appropriate or beautiful pervade the whole; and the vividness of the poet's mind sparkles in every page. What can be more truly natural or more powerful than the following energetic description of—

'A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven,—
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt an OMNIPRESENCE round him thrown?
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears!
The leaves all shiv'ring with expectant fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A veiling fervor round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops pattering on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!

'Oh! now to be alone, on some still height,
Where heaven's black curtains hang before the
sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms
clash,
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,
Like fleets in battle, on the ocean's bed,
While the dash'd billows foam around their
head!—

To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!—
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast PRESENCE rocks from pole to
pole!

It is not, however, our intention to make long extracts, but to point out some of the varied beauties of the work, and by a sort of running commentary, to enable our readers to form a correct estimate of the author's powers. This we are the more inclined to, because, even in this age of wonders, it is a rare occurrence that a person of Mr. Robert Montgomery's years (we understand he is only twenty) is capable of doing justice to a subject so sublime, and, what is perhaps still more arduous, of extorting praise, almost unqualified, from a reviewer.

The following picture of the repose and freshness of nature, after the storm has ceased, is evidently beautiful:—

'List! now the cradled winds have hush'd
their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh
and clear,
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely
change!

'First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:

Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious
charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms
shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the Tempest dies—and bright, and
still,

The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!

We are by no means certain that we are selecting the best passages: we choose rather to take such as may be separated from those which precede or follow them, without injuring the sense.

The Omnipresence of the Deity is divided into three parts; the extracts we have already made are from the *first*, which gives a condensed view of the boundless influence of an over-ruling power manifest in the works of creation. The *second* part of the poem (to use the author's own words in his analysis) is devoted to a consideration of the presence of the Deity, as influencing the changeful scenes and affairs of human life; and the *third* may be considered as a review of the whole subject, interspersed with various striking scenes, and concluding with a description of a burning world, in thought and language perfectly astounding.

Our next quotation shall be the poet's delineation of a captive, which affords us an opportunity of showing that, in depicting the events of human life, (and those, too, not the most enticing,) he is equally felicitous as in describing the sublime realities of nature, or the might of Omnipotence:—

'Within a dungeon mildew'd by the night,
Barr'd from salubrious air and cheering light,
Lo! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
Chain'd to his doom by adamant bands!
Oh! how he pants to face the flesh-wing'd
breeze,

And list the voices of the summer trees;
To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
As Nature is, and man was made to be!
And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
Silent and sad he lays his grief-worn head,
There as the dungeon-bell with dreary sound
Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,
Remembrance wafts him to congenial climes,
And frames a fairy world of happier times.
The woodland haunts around his native scene,
The village dance upon the festive green,
His thymy garden where he loved to ply,
And smiled as peeping flower-buds hail'd his
eye,

His beauteous partner, and her blue-eyed boy,
Who prattled, played, and fed his soul with
joy,—

All with immingling rapture fire his heart,
And force the stings of agony to start;
Till, like a bark by wrecking whirlwinds driven,
He rolls, and writhes, and groans despair to
Heaven!

And Heaven is by! and with ethereal charm
Bids Hope to waken, and her smiles to warm;
Then, lull'd by her, his home-wed bosom teems
With holy raptures, and seraphic dreams.'

We, however, find that we cannot do justice to this admirable volume in the present number, without disarranging its contents; nor should we, indeed, have thought of reviewing it till the following week, (having only received our copy on Thursday evening,) were we not anxious to be the first, or at least among the first, to introduce a young man to the notice of the public, whose highly gifted genius and cultivated taste must

very soon rank him high among the most brilliant writers of the present age. Our present notice must, therefore, conclude with the following reflections on human life:—

'Survey the scene of life:—in yonder room,
Pillow'd in beauty 'neath the cradle gloom,
While o'er its features plays an angel smile,—
A breathing cherub slumbers for awhile:
Those budding lips, that faintly-fringed eye,
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,
The little limbs in soft embrace entwined,
Like flower-leaves folded from the gelid wind;
All in their tender charms, her babe endear,
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.

'Next, mark her infant, rais'd to childhood's stage,

Bound in the bloom of that delightful age—
With heart as light as sunshine on the deep,
And eye that woe has scarcely taught to weep!
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,
Each rival attribute of mimic'd men,
The swift decision, and unbridled way,
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.

'Whether at noon he guides his tiny boat
By winding streams, and woody banks remote,
Or climbs the meadow tree or trails the kite,
Till clouds aerial veil his wond'ring sight;
Or wanders forth among far woods alone,
To catch with ravis'd ear the cuckoo's tone,—
A hand above o'er shades the venturesome boy,
And draws the daily circle of his joy!

'And thus, when manhood brings its weight of care,

To swell the heart, and curb the giddy air,
The father, friend, the patriot, and the man,
Share in the love of Heaven's parental plan;
Till age o'ersteals his mellow'd form at last,
And wintry locks tell summer youth is past;
Then like the sun, slow-wheeling to the wave,
He sinks with glory to a welcome grave!

In addition to the principal poem, there are various minor pieces, some of which are exquisitely beautiful, vigorous, and original.

Tales of the West. By the Author of *Letters from the East*. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 638. London, 1828. Colburn.

We have on several occasions given Mr. Carne credit for a truly felicitous style, in which beautiful diction, and imagery not less chastely correct than abundant, are conspicuous. On reading his former productions, we were struck by his capability for the task he has here undertaken, and which he has effected with considerable ability. The volumes consist of some half dozen tales, thus divided: volume the first—'Valley of the Lizard;' 'The Miner;' 'The Exile;' and 'The Legend of Paccora.' Volume the second,—Continuation of 'Paccora;' 'Wesley and his Disciple;' 'St. Martin's Isle;' and the 'Power of Affection.' Here it will be perceived is much diversity of subject, and throughout the whole a masterhand is visible. Great powers of imagination and description belong to the author, and they are employed with equal effect and truth. In 'The Miner,' the descriptive skill of which we speak is admirably applied; the habits of these earth-enwombed labourers, and their mode of operation, being powerfully sketched. The tale itself is one of strange vicissitude and much tragic interest. In 'The Exile,' we find some tawdry feeling, and a commonplace arrangement of incidents, which the author would have avoided, had he consulted his better taste, and done justice to his own ability. The character of Rosemain, the principal personage of the story, with which the volume commences, is highly attractive

and animated, from the period of his leaving the bosom of his peaceful family, to the termination of his piratical career; but our sympathy with him carries us no farther; for surely nothing in nature can reconcile to us the idea of a bold, high-spirited, enterprising, dreadnaught pirate-chief, settling into a sober, quiet, plough-driving farmer, who, after his day's labour, by way of recreation, takes his allotted corner and comfortably-cushioned chair, and, under the stimulating influence of October and his pipe, gives instructive lessons on the waywardness of the human heart! Mr. Carne has a right, certainly, to be as original as possible, but not, we should imagine, at the expense of consistency. Having performed both portions of our critical task,—the painful one of pointing out what we conceive to be error, and the more agreeable one of praising what we feel to be excellent, we shall now enable the reader to judge for himself, by extracting the tale which we have already so warmly commended, and which (abridged to suit our space, but rendered intelligible by our arrangement), will serve as a fair specimen of the excellencies of the entire work:—

'A stranger, who for the first time saw the long and weary wastes of many, it may be said of most, parts of Cornwall, might imagine he wandered over the dreary territory of Hialtland, or of Patagonia, instead of one of the most productive provinces, in respect to its size, of the kingdom of England. Many a foreigner who has landed from his distant and far different country at the port of Falmouth, and traversed the peninsula from west to east, has lifted up his eyes in astonishment, and deemed that the tales told him of the fruitfulness and beauty of "the famed isle" were like those of the blest lands in the Arabian Nights. Such ideas might well enter the mind, while passing over, in particular, the downs that form the approach to the ancient capital of the county,—a tract that brownies and elves might choose for their favourite and unmolested dwelling-place; a dank, dismal waste of five or six leagues in length, without a hill or elevation to relieve its hopeless flatness,—not a cottage whose curling smoke might show there was life there, nor a spot of cultivation, even of the rudest kind. Fast as the wheels of the mail, hastening to softer scenes, now move over it, they move all too slowly: so, at least, has every one felt who has been whirled across it, at whatever speed, for the last half century.

'The people, however, are better than their land; for the miners, who form a considerable part of the population, are an acute, sober, and intelligent race of men, enduring poverty and distress, when they come, with the fortitude and passiveness of stoics, though the same observation cannot apply to their days of prosperity:—and their manner of occupation exposes them peculiarly to the two extremes. In general they do not receive regular wages in the mines wherein they work; but prefer that their gains should depend in a great measure on their own sagacity, aided by their good fortune. This system has all the charm and excitement of speculation, often remarkably successful, and as often attended by uncertain returns, even to penury and long and sickening expectation.

'The various and extensive possessions of the copper-mines are let, if the expression may be used, at regular intervals, by auction, to the best bidders; that is, those who will work them for the lowest wages per fathom; the old, the new, and the promising ground of various bearings and hope, that lies at a greater or less depth, being assigned into various portions, is

thus taken by a certain number of men, who receive a share of the produce of the discoveries they make or carry on. These are sometimes, and not unfrequently, so valuable, that wealth pours in upon these men as if they dug at the bottom of the mines of Potosi or Peru: from poverty they become in a few months comparatively rich, while others toil on from day to day, still cherishing sanguine hopes; which, often their only portion, fortunately never forsake them.

'At the foot of a hill that descended by a long slope into a ravine, through which ran a stream whose red and discoloured hue was derived from the metal that had mingled with it, lived in a poor cottage two brothers of the name of Gilbert, who supported themselves by daily labour in an adjoining mine. Each day and night alternately they had several miles to traverse to their place of occupation, and their steps were retraced as duly as the sun-rise or set bade them finish their short but severe labour. Poorly as they now lived and fed, they were the last of a rather old family, that could at least boast of having possessed for several generations a good and ancient-looking house, situated beside the same stream that ran close to the young men's hovel, and at no great distance. They had indeed been bred up delicately: only a few years since they had lived in that building, indulged in every wish that idleness and plenty could prompt. The father, however, lived too fast and free for his income; he was a fox-hunter, and hounds and horses, and the frequent substantial dinners he gave, with the unlimited freedom of the bottle, were parts of the expenses that eat up by degrees his good property. The greater part of his estates were mortgaged; and when he died, the mansion itself was seized to help to pay his debts, and the two sons were turned out almost friendless on the world. It might well be said friendless, for of the many who had feasted at their father's board, not one took a kind or effectual interest in their condition, and they saw that they must either earn their living by the sweat of their brow, or starve. They were now advancing into manhood, and the manager of the large copper-mine on the distant hill, when addressed by them in a humble tone for employment, gazed doubtingly on their delicate features and hands, all unused to toil. Their handsome clothes, and hats with a broad band of gold lace, (such was the fashion with the squire's sons of the day,) were doffed, and they were simply and meanly clad. Employment was instantly assigned them, and with some feeling of sympathy, the same wages given as to hardier men: nor was it long ere the brothers learned, though with difficulty, to earn them. They were obliged to descend during six out of the twenty-four hours some hundred fathoms deep; at first with a dizzy head and a trembling heart, clinging to ladders fixed to the perpendicular sides of the shaft with one hand, and carrying a lighted candle with the other. They bore the chilling and constant damps and moisture so far beneath the surface; wielded the heavy pick-axe and shovel without ceasing amidst a sometimes close and stifling air; where a few small lights only relieved the grave-like darkness of the place.

'It happened, that, after a few years, success began to smile steadily on the Gilberts; they had taken what is called a fortunate pitch, and, in the course of working it, had discovered a small though valuable vein of copper. It lasted for several months, and their gains grew high. When the day of payment came every month, the sums they received were such as would have spread joy over any countenance: and they had felt so keenly the hard reverse of condition, from affluence to poverty, that they were now intoxicated with pleasure. This

burst of prosperity produced no change, however, in their habits of life, save that their board was better spread, and an occasional guest seated there; the friendless state in which they had been left had made them strongly attached to each other: they laboured together, taking always the same spot of ground; they associated little with their fellow miners, and had never been a day apart since they had entered their present abode. They had resolved never to marry, let Fortune smile as she might, but the vow was made in the day of adversity.

An event happened soon after the instance of good fortune above recorded, that broke entirely these plans of life, and showed how closely sorrow often follows on the footsteps of success.

One night the brothers were busy at their work at the bottom of the mine, where the ground they had taken lay at a depth of more than a hundred fathoms. They were talking with great glee of their prospects; and that if the present run of luck should last for a year longer, hoped to be able to purchase back again the old family dwelling, dilapidated as it was, and live there once more.

The elder brother was obliged to go above ground, to ask advice of one of the captains, respecting some new appearance in the lode, and said he should return again shortly. With his small candle, he mounted quickly by the ladders, a perilous ascent to a stranger's foot, and the staves too are sometimes rotten and frail. He had delivered the message he wished, and had descended some distance on his return, when part of the earth, as sometimes happens, at the edge of the shaft loosened, and a large stone falling, struck the unfortunate miner from his ladder. He plunged instantly to the bottom. The other, hearing the rush and fall of a heavy substance, ran to the spot, and by his glimmering light beheld the mangled form and features of his brother. He had been dashed to pieces by the shock! and the younger Gilbert, kneeling beside him, filled the place with his cries, which no one heard, for they had been quite alone, and in a remote part of the mine. His first impulse was to ascend, and attempt to carry the body to the surface; but seeing that all aid was now a mockery, he lifted and bore it to the spot he had just left, and there sat down beside it. The perished man was his only friend and relative: the single companion of his life through distress and prosperity; they had borne contempt and neglect—had mourned and hoped together; and he called on his brother's name in wild and earnest accents, and looked, and looked again, on his broken form and lifeless features. There was something fearful and horrible in the silence that was around, and in the echoes of the arched caverns and hollow avenues that returned his brother's name on his ear. The candles that still burned there, (his companion's had been extinguished in the fall,) rendered dimly visible the damp sides and roof of the place. With the superstition of his province, he placed one light at the head, and another at the feet of the body, and this arrangement rendered the scene still more ghastly. Gilbert sat a little apart, nearly shrouded in the darkness, and gazed (he could not withdraw his gaze) from the form on which the sickly light fell. With all his tenderness for the object, he felt in every nerve the fearfulness of regarding sudden and violent death: the features were miserably lacerated, the mouth open, and the frame so bowed, that the head was almost beaten into the breast, and the blood oozed slowly from every pore, more cruel to look at than if life had issued swiftly in a full tide. The cold damps of fear gathered on the survivor's brow, and coursed in large drops down his face: he placed his hand before his eyes, but the light came

through the screen, and in that light was his brother's corpse, so distinct to the excited fancy that reality could have done no more. He rose and went farther into the gloom of the excavations they had made; but it was impossible, in so contracted a space, to prevent his glance wandering at times to the fatal object, and then he fancied strangely, as the currents of air made the flame flicker to and fro, that he saw his brother beckon him to come, and that the head raised itself from the chest on which the blow had bowed it, and the ghastly and disfigured face was turned on him. Then he wildly drew near again, and found that the sleep of death was fast on his victim.

The hours rolled drearily away toward morning; and each one seemed prolonged beyond endurance. At his feet lay the piles of rich black ore which their joint hands had just exultingly broken: he regarded them with indifference—for the world, amidst his grief, seemed like a desert to him. The time came at last, when, at the end of the allotted six hours, two other miners descended to take their turn at the same labour, and relieved Gilbert from his cruel situation. These bore the remains to the open air. The young man went to his distant home with far different feelings from those wherewith he had left it the preceding evening. Solitude and desertion are hard to bear at every period of life, and still more so when they come without warning or expectation.

Gilbert followed the remains of his brother to the distant church-yard; he was buried beside the father, though in an humbler grave; his survivors and relatives had given the latter a handsome tomb, out of pride perhaps, but the poor miner slept obscurely, mourned by a scanty yet sincere retinue.

From that time Gilbert's place of residence began to grow distasteful; he strove hard to keep up his spirits, and laboured with greater ardour than ever; nothing, however, came with the same zest as before, and he said that he had felt less keenly when turned from his father's door, on a cold and friendless world, than now. He sat down to the solitary meal that he had dressed, and found that his appetite forsook him, when his eye rested on the vacant chair opposite, where his companion had always sat; and, above all, when the Sunday came, he knew not what to do to pass the leisure time away. They had frequently read the Bible together in the hours that were unemployed, (and they were many,) and he now took it up to seek consolation there; but his thoughts wandered insensibly; and he sat for hours at times in the small window-seat, with the open volume in his hand, his look bent upon the stream, and the decayed mansion on its banks, and one reverie after another coursing through his thoughts.

He was obliged to pursue his labour in the same spot; it was too productive to be forsaken for another, and its returns continued to be very valuable; it was necessary, indeed, they should be so, to compensate for the annoyances, imaginary, (in part, it is true,) that pursued him.

The miners have their full share of the superstitious feelings of the country, and often hear with alarm the noises, as it were, of other miners at work deep under ground, and at no great distance. The rolling of the barrows, the sound of the pick-axes, and the fall of the earth and stones, are distinctly heard through the night,—often, no doubt, the echo of their own labours; but sometimes continued long after that labour has ceased, and occasionally, voices seem to be mingled with them. Gilbert believed that he was peculiarly exposed to these visitations; he had an instinctive shrinking from the place where the accident had happen-

ed, and when left alone there, it was in vain that he plied his toil with desperate energy to divert his thoughts. Another person appeared to work very near him: he stayed his lifted pick, and listened—the blow of the other fell distinctly, and the rich ore followed it in a loud rolling: he checked the loaded barrow that he was wheeling; still that of the unknown workman went on, and came nearer and nearer, and then there followed a long faint cry, that thrilled through every nerve of the lonely man, for it seemed like the voice of his brother. These sounds all ceased on a sudden; and those which his own toil caused were the only ones heard; till, after an interval, without any warning, they began again, at times more near, and again passing away to a distance, and the descent of his fellow workmen at last down the shaft was a welcome relief.

Time by degrees made him more reconciled to these things; and the supernatural sounds grew less harassing, though they never entirely wore away.

Whether it be really chance, or the effect of their own desponding fancies of predestination, there are certainly in this numerous body of men many individuals, who, as keen in their judgment and unwearied in their exertions as their neighbours, seem doomed to suffer a continual tide of ill fortune. Let them take the most promising or kindly portion of ground, which other candidates have bid high for, they discover nothing; find merely a small sprinkling of ore, just enough to keep appetite alive, and mock their labours. They are unlucky beings, with whom it is well not to join; for the water, perhaps, rushes in, and in an instant destroys the toil of many months; a bunch of ore comes in their way, rich to excess, and beautiful to the eye; did it last but a few weeks, money would be poured into their grasp; but it is limited to days or hours, and they see it end with a bitter feeling, like an oasis in the desert, while the same dull, barren, thankless tract opens beyond. They then throw it up, in disgust—others come to the same spot, and soon dig into a valuable vein. These are certainly born under a fortunate star; take what pitch they will, it hardly ever turns out "barren or nought;" their very presence seems to insure something good being struck out.

Gilbert was universally regarded as one of these fortunate beings; and, in truth, he began to consider himself so, and to believe that the adverse fate that had so long haunted his steps, was about to flit from him, and disappear for ever. He now hired a domestic, and his small garden beside the dwelling was kept neat and stocked with choice vegetables, and even flowers. His dress underwent a visible change; the Sunday's garb was of the choicest kind; and whether or not it was from this addition, his looks were materially improved, and his air that of a man who was getting the better of the world, and felt that he was doing so.

The last great event came in the miner's life, one for which he had long patiently yet anxiously waited—he purchased again the ancient dwelling of his family. It was true, the heyday of life was past when he was enabled to do this, and youth and middle age had begun to decline into the vale of years. He had delayed this step till his wealth had gathered fast and ceaseless as the April showers of his own province; and then he left the plain habitation in which he had resided, and went, with feelings the most agreeable, perhaps, he had ever known, to take possession of his purchase.

Is there any thing so delightful as to rear again the forsaken home of one's fathers? to stand beneath the roof and beside the hearth from which we have been driven as outcasts, and say, "I am lord of the domain, to build,

and to plant, and no stranger shall inhabit here!" So thought the present possessor, as he looked around with a gratified heart and an exulting eye.

"It was not the least pleasant circumstance to Gilbert's feelings, that all, now that he owned the family home, gave him the appellation of squire: he smiled at his own weakness; but there was something to his ear irresistibly melodious in the sound; there was something hereditary in it: it had been enjoyed by each of his ancestors: it was like "the laird" to a highland, and "the jarl" to a Norwegian ear. When he saw a goodly number of guests once more in the old dining room, among whom his voice found ready attention, it was his delight, at times, to tell over the reverses and chances of his past life; how hard he laboured, and how hopeless were his prospects; and the event of his unhappy relative's death, which he never mentioned without strong emotion. The first Sabbath morning after he had been established in his new residence, he passed along the same pleasant path they had formerly trodden together; he entered the church, where one of the best pews awaited him, and gazed up at the small gallery where the choir of singers stood, in whose ranks he had been glad to mingle. The clergyman was the same, but now stricken in years and with a head white as snow, whose discourse had then often given them comfort. Gilbert was strongly affected; and when the congregation had departed, he went to his brother's humble grave, bent long and sadly over it, and felt how cloudless would have been the day, how pure his joy, could the only and affectionate companion of his adversity have lived to share it, to drink out of the same cup, and like himself sit honoured in their father's hall."

The Pamphleteer.—Political Life of Don Augustin De Iturbide, ex-Emperor of Mexico.

AMONG other valuable articles in the number of the Pamphleteer, which we have just received, is a 'political life of the ex-Emperor of Mexico, Don Augustine Iturbide,' purporting to be written by himself, during his residence near Leghorn, in 1823, 'and, as such,' says the Pamphleteer, 'received from Mexico, in a Spanish MS. form, through a channel of the highest respectability.'

The translation is stated to be literal, and, besides containing a complete outline of the causes and events which led to the elevation and downfall of Iturbide, may be considered peculiarly interesting in other points of view, at a period when so much speculation is afloat respecting the stability of the Mexican empire, and the form of government best suited to these thinly populated and half-civilized states. The editor's introductory remarks so justly characterize this document, that we cannot better introduce such extracts as we intend to lay before our readers:

"Iturbide, like most other men who, in times of revolution, have taken the lead in the military and political events of their country, and raised themselves to a rank infinitely beyond that of their companions and coadjutors, became an object of attack, from the moment he was deserted by fortune; and, as usually happens, those were his bitterest enemies and loudest accusers, who had previously been promoted by his friendship, or fed on his bounty. Few men have had more reason to complain of ingratitude, and there are few whose actions have been more perverted; nevertheless, there must have been something great and dignified in the character of Iturbide, and some important advantages also gained by the Mexicans, through his services or bravery, otherwise he never could have secured a popularity so extensive, and,

notwithstanding his last misfortune, retained it up to the present hour.

"In saying thus much of one now no more, we cannot be suspected of a design to eulogize, or an intention to mislead. Every man who has held a post so elevated as Iturbide did, no matter how attained, or in what manner lost, has a right to be judged both by his contemporaries and posterity; and this can only be done fairly, by hearing what he had to say of himself, by comparing it with his enemies' accusations, and by then deliberately weighing the results. Memoirs of this class also add materially to our general mass of information respecting foreign countries, and, in a political point of view particularly, of none do we require it so much as of Mexico, a country in which we have now a large capital at stake, owing to the credulity and inconsiderate acts of our money-lenders."

Iturbide commences his memoir with some general reflections, in the course of which he says, 'it is now my turn to state, with the frankness of a soldier, what I was, and what I am,—what I did, and wherefore.'

In the year 1818, he held no other rank than that of a subaltern: when the revolution broke forth, Don Miguel Hidalgo, its projector, offered him a lieutenant-general's command; he, however, declined this tempting offer, believing Hidalgo's plans to be badly conceived, and calculated to produce disorder, blood, and destruction, without attaining the real end in view.

"Time," he says, "proved the truth of my predictions. Hidalgo, and those who succeeded him, by following his example, desolated the country; destroyed private fortunes; spread odium between Europeans and Americans; sacrificed thousands of victims; dried up the sources of public wealth; disorganized the army; annihilated industry; rendered the situation of the Americans infinitely worse than it was before, by exciting the vigilance of the Spaniards, and putting them on their guard against the dangers by which they were threatened; demoralized the habits of the people, and, far from tending to any thing like independence, actually increased the obstacles opposed to its attainment. If I myself, at that period, took up arms, it was not to make war on the Americans, but rather to put down the lawless bands by which the country was infested."

"Towards October, in the same year, 1818, a safe conduct was offered to me for my father and family; and it was also pledged that his estates, as well as my own, should be exempted from plunder and destruction, and likewise that the servants and others employed on them should be free from assassination, (and what was the spirit of those times may be judged from this single fact!) on the sole condition of my withdrawing from the king's banners, and remaining neutral. This proposal met with the same reception as the preceding one. I always considered the indolent and cowardly man as guilty of a crime, who remains a quiet spectator of the misfortunes with which society is afflicted, without taking part in them, or endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of his countrymen. I, therefore, went forth to the campaign, under a hope that I was about to serve the Mexicans, the King of Spain, and the Spaniards."

"I was uniformly successful in war. Victory was the inseparable companion of the troops I commanded—nay, I never lost an action. I defeated all the enemies who appeared before me, or those I was able to find, often with inferior forces, in the proportion of one to eighteen and even twenty. I commanded in chief the sieges of fortified points; and from

all I dislodged the enemy, and destroyed the asylums in which discord had taken refuge. I had no other adversaries than those who were opposed to the cause which I myself defended; nor did I know any rivals beyond those who, at a more remote period, were envious of my good luck, or not equally successful when running the same race; yet, when were either wanting to the fortunate?"

"In the year 1816, I commanded the provinces of Guanajuato and Valladolid, as well as the army of the north. All I renounced, through motives of delicacy; thus retiring from the public service, in order to live in a manner more suited to my natural inclinations, by attending to the cultivation of my estates. The ingratitude of man had wounded me to the very quick; and the bad faith which I had already experienced, led me to avoid all further opportunities of again becoming the victim of malevolence. On the other hand, the greatest number of the factious bands being then dispersed, and nearly all the provinces restored to a state of tranquillity, I saw myself freed from those engagements by which, six years before, I was bound. The country no longer required my services, and I was consequently enabled to seek repose, after the fatigues of the past campaigns, without being wanting to my duty."

"In 1820, the constitution of Spain was re-established. This new order of things; the state of fermentation in which the Peninsula was placed; the machinations of the disaffected; the want of moderation in the promoters of the new system; the indecision of the local authorities; the inconsiderate conduct of the Madrid government, and the madness of the Cortes, who appeared determined to lose the Mexican dominions, if one can judge from the decrees which they issued, in accordance with the ranting speeches pronounced by some of the deputies, were all causes which materially tended to excite in a people, again possessed of a country, an eagerness for independence; whilst the Spaniards, established among us, were terrified at the idea of a repetition of those horrid scenes of insubordination which they had already witnessed. Our governors soon assumed the attitude of men actuated by dread, yet still wielding power; at the same time that those who had hitherto lived on disorders, were preparing to continue their old pursuits. In such a state of things, the fairest and richest portion of Northern America, was again on the eve of being rent asunder by factions. In every direction clandestine meetings were held, in which the system of government, most expedient to be adopted, became the subject of anxious deliberation."

"I had friends in the principal towns, persons either attached of old to my family, or with whom I had become acquainted in my various journeys, and during the time I held command. I relied also on the love of the troops. All hastened to send me information of what was passing. Through the best provinces I had myself travelled, and formed correct ideas of their capabilities, as well as of the character of the inhabitants. I knew the points susceptible of fortification, and the resources on which I could rely. Numerous revolutions were then on the eve of breaking out, and my country was again about to be inundated with blood. I thought myself capable of saving it, and a second time I hastened to comply with a duty so sacred."

"I formed my project, known by the name of the Iguala-plan, clearly my own, because I alone conceived it. I penned, published, and executed it. I proposed to render my country independent, because this was the general wish of the Americans; a wish founded on a natural feeling, as well as on the principles of justice, and at the time considered as the only means to promote the prosperity of both nations. The

Spaniards, however, would never be convinced that their own decline commenced, from the period in which they became possessed of their colonies in the New World; although the colonists were so far in advance as to be sensible that the time for their emancipation had arrived. If, on these two points, there should be any doubt, let politicians decide—I have not undertaken to write dissertations on them.

'The Iguala-plan guaranteed the religion which we inherited from our ancestors. To the reigning family of Spain, it also proposed the only means of still retaining the extensive and valuable provinces of Mexico. To the Mexicans, it secured the power of making laws for themselves, and of having, within their own territory, a government of their own; whilst, on the other hand, to the Spaniards it held out an asylum which they would not have disregarded, if they had been provident and understood their real interests. It provided for the rights of equality, and became a safeguard to property and freedom—requisites in the public estimation so essential, that every one who had once felt the contrast would not fail to do his utmost to preserve the benefits acquired. In a word, the Iguala-plan destroyed the horrid difference between the castes, and, besides, offered to foreigners the most secure and convenient hospitality. It left the road open for merit to advance and possess; it reconciled opinions, as long as they were founded on reason, and above all, it opposed an impenetrable barrier to the machinations of the turbulent.

'The execution of this plan was attended with all the happy consequences which I had fondly anticipated. Six months sufficed to loosen the knot which had hitherto bound the New and Old World together. Without bloodshed, conflagrations, robberies, or depredations—nay, without even a misfortune, a single sigh or a tear, my country was rendered happy, and, from a colony, transformed into a great and independent empire.'

We have not time or space to follow Don Iturbide through the interesting narrative in which he traces the events with which he was connected, and accounts for the manner in which they influenced his conduct. He vindicates his acceptance of the crown, which he did to render his country a service, and rescue it from impending anarchy. It has been asserted that he aimed at absolute monarchy,—an assertion the falsehood of which he considers to have been fully proved. It has also been alleged against him, that he had enriched himself with the monies of the state, which charge he meets thus manfully:—

'It is a well known fact that, at the present moment, I have no other reliance for my subsistence than the pension assigned, and the debt due to me from the nation. Should any one know of funds belonging to me lodged in any foreign bank, I hereby convey them over to him, in order that he may distribute them as he pleases.

'The best proof that I did not enrich myself is, that I am not now rich. I have not even what I possessed at the time I undertook the establishment of independence. Far from appropriating any public property for my own use, I did not even take from the treasury the allowances granted to me. The junta of government ordered a million of dollars to be paid over to me out of the funds belonging to the abolished inquisition, and that I should be put in possession of lands equal to twenty square leagues in the interior provinces. Of all this I did not receive even a rial. The congress ordered that whatever could be disposed of should be advanced to me for my expenses; and the constituent junta assigned me a million and a half of dollars annually. Nothing did I receive

beyond what was indispensably necessary for my subsistence. Another proof that interest is not a ruling passion with me is, that when the million and a half of dollars were voted me, I appropriated a third part for the encouragement of mining. Neither did I enrich my own relatives by lucrative situations—I did not bestow a place on a single one. Those who received any situations from me were fully entitled to them, in the strict order of promotion.'

We quote the conclusion of this singular paper, the whole of which is well worthy of the attention of our readers:—

'The love of my country led me on to Iguala; it was my stepping-stone to the throne, and the same feeling caused me to descend from so dangerous a height. Still, at this distance, and, after so long a lapse of time, I do not repent of having relinquished the sceptre, or of acting as I did. I quitted the land of my birth, after obtaining for it the blessings of freedom, in order to become a foreigner in another hemisphere, accompanied by my numerous and delicate family, destitute of all other means than the claims above mentioned, and a pension on which little reliance could be placed by those who know what revolutions are, and the state in which I myself left Mexico.

'Persons will not be wanting who may attribute to a want of foresight or weakness on my part, the re-establishment of a congress, of whose irregularities I was fully aware, and whose members could not cease to be my most decided enemies. My reasons for this measure were, my anxiety that some known authority should remain, and because the assembling of another congress required time, whilst existing circumstances allowed of no delay. If any other plan had been adopted, anarchy was inevitable, as soon as the parties discovered their real designs, when the dissolution of the state must necessarily have followed. Even on that occasion, I wished to make the last sacrifice in behalf of my country.

'To this same congress did I leave the choice of the place where I was hereafter to dwell, as well as the appointment of the troops intended to accompany me as an escort, to the port of embarkation. The congress fixed on a port in the Mexican gulph, and 500 men, as an escort. I wished that the escort should be selected out of the troops who had withdrawn from my obedience and commanded by General Bravo, whom I also chose out of the party opposed to me, in order to show that it was no motive of dread that induced me to decline the contest, and lay down my arms, in order to deliver myself up into the hands of persons of whose bad faith I had already such fatal experience.

'The day on which I intended to leave Mexico I was unable to carry my design into effect, being prevented by the people. When the army which, without knowing why, was called the liberating army, entered the city, no demonstration was evinced that could be taken as a favourable reception. The troops were quartered, and the artillery posted in the principal avenues of the city. In the towns through which I passed, which were few, because care was taken to convey me from one estate to another, the people received me with the ringing of bells, and, notwithstanding the violence with which they were treated by my conductors, the inhabitants ran forth, anxious to see and give me the most sincere testimonies of their love and respect. After my departure from Mexico, the armed force restrained the people, who still hailed me with shouts of applause; and when the Marquess de Vivanco, in his character of general-in-chief, harangued the troops left by me in Tacubaya, I had the mortification to hear them cry out, "Long live Augustin the First," and witness the disregard shown to his harangue. These and many others which, if they

were mentioned, would not appear in the mere light of trifles, are demonstrations tending to show that my being withdrawn from the supreme command was by no means conformable to the general will

'I had before declared, that as soon as I became sensible that my government had ceased to be agreeable to the people, or that my remaining at the head of affairs was likely to disturb the public tranquillity, I would willingly descend from the throne. I had further added, that if the nation chose a kind of government, in my opinion, injurious to it, I would not contribute to its establishment, because it is not in accordance with my principles to act contrary to what I consider just and expedient; but that I would nevertheless make no opposition, although it were in my power, and that I would abandon my country for ever. Such was the assurance which I gave, in October 1821, to the general junta of government, and repeatedly to the congress, as well as to the constituent junta and the troops. I repeated the same to many individuals, in private and in public. The time arrived—I kept my word; and I have to thank my persecutors for having afforded me the opportunity of manifesting to the world that my words were always in strict accordance with my sentiments.

'My greatest sacrifice has been to abandon a country at all times so dear to me; an idolized father, whose advanced age of 80 prevented me from bringing him with me; a sister, whom I cannot recollect without grief, and relatives and friends, who were my companions from my childhood, and whose society, in happier times, constituted the best part of my life.

'Mexicans! this record will reach you. Its principal object is to manifest to you that the best of your friends never rendered himself unworthy of the affection and confidence which you once lavished on him. Fatal to me as was your choice, my gratitude will end only with my life. When you instruct your children in the history of your country, inspire them with love for the first commander of the army which obtained for you a triple guarantee to your independence; and if mine should ever require your aid and protection, remember that their father employed the best portion of his life in labouring to render you happy. Receive my last adieu, and may happiness attend you!'

CRADOCK'S LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS.

(Concluded from page 37.)

CONTINUING our selections from this work, we prefer confining ourselves to the fourth volume, for the arrangement of which Mr. Nichols is entitled to our best thanks. It contains, exclusively of the anecdotal and epistolary portions, (with quotations from which we have already diversified the columns of our *Chronicle*.) Village Memoirs, a well-intentioned little story, which procured the author several gratifying letters, one of which, from Dr. Darwin, the editor has selected. It is as follows:—

'Lichfield, Nov. 21, 1775.

'Dear Sir,—I am favoured with your book and epilogue, both which I have read with pleasure, and think the world, as well as myself, obliged to you for them. In your Village Memoirs are a great many lessons of good morality, and let me add, of good Christianity, agreeably and yet forcibly impressed. Your satire is strong and yet delicate: in some places you hew indeed at the root of vice with an axe, but in others you dissect the branches with the delicate knife of an anatomist.

'What shall I send you in return for these? I who have for twenty years neglected the muses, and cultivated medicine alone with all

my industry! Medical dissertations I have several finished for the press, but dare not publish them, well knowing the reception a living writer in medicine is sure to meet with from those who wish to raise their own reputation on the ruin of their antagonists. Faults may be found or invented; or at least ridicule may cast blots on a book were it written with a pen from the wings of the angel Gabriel. I lately interceded with a Derbyshire lady to desist from lopping a grove of trees, which has occasioned me, since you saw me (I suppose from inspiration, or rather infection I might catch from you,) to try again the long neglected art of verse making, which I shall inclose to amuse you, promising, at the same time, never to write another verse as long as I live, but to apply my time to finishing a work on some branches of medicine, which I intend for a posthumous publication. But do you go on to study the fine arts of composition and of speaking: so shall you amuse yourself and improve others. Let me add, that I beg you will present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Cradock, whom I look upon to be your inspiring muse; and believe me, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant, E. DARWIN.

'How futile,' exclaims Mr. Nichols, 'are the promises of a poet not to indulge in his favourite composition! The various important poems of the author of *Zoonomia*, all written after this period, are universally known.' Of Mr. Justice Buller and his conduct in the case of Donellan, it is stated:

'Mr. Justice Buller was a pupil of Sir William Ashurst, who was a very eminent special pleader; and was afterwards, by the patronage of Lord Mansfield, made a judge of the King's Bench, in the room of Sir Richard Aston. Certainly, on the resignation of Lord Mansfield, he had expected to succeed him in his high office; but his friends were afraid that his health and spirits were then declining, and were not surprised to find that Lord Kenyon, highly active, should gain the preference. Judge Buller had great quickness of intellect, and strict integrity, but not always so guarded either in his charges or opinions, as might have been wished.

'He was affable, friendly, temperate at the table, but unhappy, and had resort too frequently to whist, to divert him from uneasy thoughts; and this seeming attachment to cards rendered him liable to censure, particularly on the circuit. One of the last times I ever met him at dinner was at Leicester on the day of his coming in, at the house of an eminent physician there. His lordship took leave of the company about twelve o'clock; but lingering for awhile, he returned to the table, and we played whist for some hours afterwards. The last time I ever had the honour of passing an evening in his company was on the Sunday previous to the trial of Donellan at Warwick, and the violent prejudice raised against the supposed culprit was then the chief topic of conversation.

'John Donellan, Esq.—It is with great reluctance that I make any reference to the case of Donellan, which can now have no other good effect but as a matter of future caution against general prejudice, if, from the subsequent recital, any future caution may be thought necessary. I merely offer a few circumstances which have occurred, but presume not to give any decisive opinion.

'I knew Donellan, as a rather public character in town for several years; he was called *Ring Donellan*, from having brought a very precious gem from India: how obtained I know not; but it was conveyed under bandages, under the pretence of a sore leg. He was a man of address, and when the Pantheon

was opened, he officiated as master of the ceremonies. He afterwards found favour in the eyes of Miss Boughton, sister to Sir Theophilus Boughton. Not long afterwards, Sir Theophilus Boughton died; and then the well-known trial took place of Donellan for the supposed murder by poison of his brother-in-law, by whose death he became heir to the estate.

'At the assizes, on the Sunday, we all dined in the Newworks, Leicester. There were Judge Buller, Counsellor Newnham, and some gentlemen, who were all to meet again next week at Warwick. The general conversation was Donellan, and his guilt was asserted by all. The only doubt seemed to be, that as Lady Boughton, the mother, was all but a fool, her evidence, which was necessary, might not be effective; but it was acknowledged, that she had been privately examined at the judge's chambers in town, and they thought she might be produced. I am sorry to say, that Judge Buller's charge at Warwick was imprudent; for it prejudged, or rather condemned Donellan. The result is fully remembered. It was afterwards strongly urged, that the miller at Rugby had been intimidated, and indeed he had freely declared that he purchased poison for the young baronet to sicken fish in the mill dam, and he thought he took that poison by mistake, for it stood on the mantel-piece of his chimney. This was caught at by many very serious persons at Rugby, and indeed from what I knew of Donellan, it always appeared unlikely to me, that, had he determined to poison Sir Theophilus Boughton, he would have recourse to laurel water of his own distilling, though a printed receipt book for such distillations was found in his chamber. Much discourse took place at Rugby, and in the neighbourhood, when too late, and general prejudice had fully prevailed. An opinion was given by several sensible disinterested persons, that the death of the baronet was occasioned by mistake, and not by Donellan. Dr. Ash would not admit a doubt about the laurel water. Mr. Webb, Donellan's solicitor, died in full conviction of his innocence.

'That some general revisal of our criminal code is wanted, is now admitted, and greater caution in the administration of justice has been at times wanting. That excellent man Judge Wilmut wished that some nearer proportion of punishment to crime was ascertained. Lord Chief Baron Smythe, and two other judges, were declared to have spoken openly in favour of a revisal of a part of our criminal code. Judge Blackstone's caution about witchcraft may be referred to; and Barrington on the Statutes; and something uttered even by Lord Mansfield, in reply to the Catholics, about the penal laws. Beccaria's book *On Crimes and Punishments* begins to be duly appreciated. Sir Samuel Romilly and many other most learned men have since declared themselves decidedly on the side of humanity; and I have no doubt that the day is now absolutely at hand, for the revisal and mitigation of part of our criminal code.

'It has been hinted that it is improper, if not presumptuous in me, to throw the least doubt on the propriety of former verdicts; but surely, if caution is inculcated for the future, some advantage may be derived. On some late trials more mercy has been shown than formerly; and it is generally admitted that our criminal code demands some revisal; and much firmness is required, where temporary prejudices prevail, in the decisions of all judging parties. Lord Ferrars, weighing all former circumstances, would now have been only confined; Byng would not have been shot; and from my own opinion, founded on the evidences afterwards produced, there would have been hesitation at least, in regard to Donellan. I presume no further than to hope, that in future

judgment will be tempered with mercy, in all cases, and most particularly in those where the life of man is solely left dependent on the absolute decision of his brother man!

'Lord Denbigh.—When Lord Denbigh was about to finish Newnham, he said his money ran short, and an old rich aunt had very kindly given him £2,000 to be laid out in the house or gardens. He preferred the latter; for, though the great room, with his fine Vandyke portraits, was built with spaces between the windows, to receive the largest glass mirrors from Paris, yet he would prefer completing his large piece of water and bridge, which were absolutely necessary for the whole place.

'Lord Denbigh resided with Lord and Lady Bolingbroke near 10 years in the south of France; and spoke French like a native. Lord Denbigh was an economist, minutely attentive to the improvement of his estate, a most steady friend to those he liked, and every way a strictly honest man.

'His late Majesty once said to him, "Denbigh, I am told Lady Denbigh is a nonjuror." "True, please your Majesty; but I swear enough for myself and her ladyship likewise." Lord Denbigh, I am convinced, had a parental regard for his late Majesty; for during my intimacy with him to the hour of his death, the King was always the favourite theme of his eulogium. He had the care of him in his youth; and had often held him on his knees in his infancy. He had resided in the house with his father, and in that court knew all the royal family from their youth.

'I called one morning at Wistow, when his lordship had been ill, and he said: "Cradock, I have just had a cordial." "I hope it will do you good, my lord." "It has; it was from my old master; he ordered Lord Boston to call, and particularly inquire after my health. He is gone to visit his relations, the Cave family."

'When Warburton met my good old friend Lord Denbigh, he was displeased; called him a buffoon; and said he reminded him of Polonius. The truth was, Lord Denbigh took the lead in the same line too much, and frequently said as witty things as the bishop, and in his own way; however, Lord Denbigh was not aware of Warburton's dislike, and spoke handsomely of the interview. They met afterwards, and I believe perfectly agreed.

'If those who compared Lord Denbigh to Polonius took in the whole of the character, as drawn by Shakspeare, there was a similitude. His lordship had good natural parts, but laboured under great infirmities; it was said he could neither hear nor see; but this was not strictly true: he saw, if objects were placed in a particular light, and he heard, when words were very distinctly articulated; for instance, he always had brought to him the fruit and game intended for presents, and properly selected them. Lord Denbigh had a good taste for laying out grounds, and his account of different parks was to many quite unaccountable. Once very late in life at Wistow, he surprised us all at table. On a Sunday, with relatives and others, his long dinner table was quite full. His lordship sat by Lady Denbigh at the head; and she always most carefully helped him. Her nephew, the Rev. Mr. Willows, said grace at the bottom; and speaking to the gentleman next him, regretted he had come so late, but he had been detained at Leicester; for the officiating divine had preached a full hour. After dinner, Lord Denbigh, in his usual manner, for he wished to be courteous to all, began to drink the health of each, and generally had something civil to add, and particularly to the ladies. When coming to the chaplain, he said, "Friend Willows, here's to your good health, but that you may never have a sermon an hour long, let it be ever so good." The room

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'From lordship Hallifax Lincoln his way publicat aloud to give an

was struck with astonishment, and Lady Denbigh very well remarked, "You see, ladies, we must not always trust to his lordship's ears."

Soon after his second marriage, Lord Denbigh invited my wife and me to accompany them and Lord Rodney to Spaw; but we declined, having lately returned from the Continent; yet we heard a very pleasing account afterwards of her ladyship from Brussels.

Character of Hurd.—Hurd was a man of strict integrity, and very kind to those of whom he approved; but he was distant and lofty, and not at all admired by those who did not estimate him in a literary capacity. Indeed he paid no attention to them, for in one of his letters to Warburton, he made use of a common phrase of his: "I am here perfectly quiet, for I have delightfully bad roads about me."

In summer he would sometimes honour me by bringing a friend with him to pass a day at Gumley, when I merely came down to my old house to look after my workmen. Of course it was my wish to make every thing as pleasant as possible, and indeed he was inclined to be pleased with every thing, for I followed his own directions as nearly as was practicable. "My young friend, we shall not reach you till after breakfast, and then you will give us, as usual, only a nice leg of your mutton and some turnips, a roast fowl, and a plain pudding, or something only of that kind, as I do not eat any thing but what is plain. I know you will expect me to drink the University of Cambridge in a bumper of your old hock. After tea we must have another walk, and return in the cool of the evening to Thurstaston. My young friend tells me he has adopted his tea rules from me. I like none so well as Twining's byson, at 17s. a pound; by choice I never like any other, and indeed I never find it affect my nerves." Perhaps this account may appear too minute, but a man is sometimes better known in his morning gown than in his dress of ceremony. Hurd very justly remarked of Gumley, that the situation was finely romantic, but utterly unconnected with the country round it. He gave me a motto from Horace for a seat at the top of the plantation highly applicable—"Hæ latebræ dulces, et, si jam credis, amœnæ."

I was most connected with Hurd when he resided at chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, as preacher to that learned society; and I had then some means of repaying various favours that I had received in early life, by devoting as much time and attention to him as possible through a long and dangerous illness. Indeed it was a service that could not be rendered by every friend, however inclined; for in summer his room was kept so very hot, from fear of an eruption being struck into the system, that his servant has retired for air whilst I remained with his master. Here he was amused with the little occurrences of the day, or I sometimes read to him specimens of new publications; but one circumstance made a lasting impression, and he spoke of it accordingly. Whilst writing his Discourses on Prophecy, I particularly alluded to all the books he had occasion to examine: "Why, my good friend, you are better read in Daubuz on the Revelations than I am. I hope you do not think that it has passed unobserved by me, that you have made yourself well acquainted with those works that you know at this time are particularly interesting to me; I duly estimate your attention."

From the time that Hurd became bishop, his lordship has been fully before the public. Dr. Hallifax wished to succeed him as preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and calling at Mr. Cadell's, in his way to dinner with the bishop, took up a publication that lay upon the table, and said aloud to Mr. Cadell: "Who could venture to give an old hierarchical tract of Jeremy Taylor

at this time of day; I am sure you will have no sale for it." Mr. Cadell was silent. Afterwards at dinner in Great Russell Street, he mentioned the circumstance, that some simoleon had republished, at Mr. Cadell's, an old hierarchical tract of Jeremy Taylor, and he told him he would have no sale for it; but Cadell only turned away, and would not say who it was. Here, likewise, a silence ensued. In Bloomsbury Square (I had the account from Mr. Mainwaring,) Dr. Hallifax inquired whether he had dropped out any thing wrong at dinner about a pamphlet? The answer was: "I was quite alarmed about it, for I knew that Hurd had printed it at his own expence."—"Then," said Hallifax, "I will go back immediately, and apologize to his lordship." But Mr. Mainwaring dissuaded him from it, and insisted that he would only make the matter worse.

Hurd commenced the government of his diocese with issuing his summonses in the old Latin form, and hunting out for some other ancient formulæ; but was informed of some ludicrous comments, which were imputed, and justly too, to a certain celebrated philosophical physician at Lichfield. This gentleman (possibly from his engagements in his profession,) did not frequently attend the cathedral, although he went to hear the bishop preach his first sermon there, and paid great attention. When the service was over, a friend of mine determined, if possible, to gain Dr. Darwin's real opinion (for why should his name be concealed?) "Well, doctor, how did you like the bishop?" The doctor was taken by surprise, and only stuttering, replied, "The bishop's discourse, sir?—why—it—contained some very good words indeed."

From the time I first knew Hurd at Thurstaston, until I visited him as bishop in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, I do not recollect one discordant circumstance in his family. He was, of course, very careful about character, and he had very little intercourse with the world; but the same persons remained, and I do not recollect any one of them as unfaithful, nor do I ever remember the least complaint. To be sure he was himself strictly good; but he was always upon his guard, and his Letters on Chivalry and Romance I could have written from his conversation.

Hurd would sometimes assert that Pope had shut the door against poetry, as Addison had, by his Drummer, against all comedy; and then would refer to the fine correct taste of the ancients. Sometimes I ventured to take up a strongly contrary opinion, and would ask: "Why always the ancients?" &c.; and I read afterwards in his Chivalry and Romance,—"But I know I shall be asked, Why always the ancients?" and some other words as then made use of. I understood them. His learning and his prejudice sometimes equally prevailed. Of all the men I ever knew, Hurd, as a country divine, carried the loftiest carriage; no person, at times, in highest life, looked with more disdain on little folks below, or, to speak more correctly, on unlearned folks. When Mr. Mainwaring paid his last visit to Dr. Hurd, then Bishop of Worcester, it was his public day; his lordship, always rather irritable, was now become considerably capacious and peevish, and Mr. Mainwaring, at dinner, giving some account of the French emigrants he had seen in passing through Worcester, his lordship suddenly exclaimed, laying down his knife and fork: "Have I lived to hear the Lady Margaret's professor of Cambridge call it emigrant?" The company were struck with astonishment, and the professor only coolly replied: "My lord, I am certainly aware that the *i* in the Latin word *emigro*, is long, but modern usage—" "Nay, sir, if you come to

modern usage, I can certainly say no more." Mr. Mainwaring, considering his lordship's age and increasing infirmities, said no more. After this his lordship became quite imbecile at times, and so nearly childish, that some of his company desired him to name the trump at whist; yet, strange to tell, he wrote a complimentary letter afterwards to Mr. Nichols on his History of Leicestershire; and I immediately recognised the same hand and style as when he recommended me, in early life, to the tutor of Emmanuel College.

It is unnecessary to repeat our opinion of these agreeable volumes, the amusing nature of which has extorted from us the least questionable of all recommendations—very copious extracts.

BLAQUIERE'S LETTERS FROM GREECE.

(Concluded from page 58.)

HAVING taken a general view of the merits of this interesting volume in our last, and paid a deserved tribute to the zealous and unwearied perseverance of the author, it is now our duty to select such passages as may afford our readers an idea of the style in which Mr. Blaquiere treats the various matters, civil, military, and political, to which he has devoted so much attention.

Writing from Poros, in April 1827, he gives us some amusing particulars respecting the system of betrothing, marriage festivities, &c.; he says,—

"The system of betrothing females at the early age of five and six years, and the rule by which no circumstance short of death itself, admits of either party receding from their engagement, operates at once as a powerful moral check on the passions; and equally so in binding families together in bonds of strict union. Among the higher classes, marriages are generally arranged between the parents: but, unlike the etiquette of more civilized countries, it is by no means unusual or *outré* for the mother of the infant, or adult, to make the first overtures. These are communicated through certain old duennas, who act as the envoys on such occasions. When the preliminaries are settled, articles are drawn out, specifying the dowry and time of entering into the holy bands. This done, the bridegroom sends a lamb to his intended, who makes a similar offering to him; he sometimes adds a silver distaff; he is henceforth allowed to visit her, and is considered in all respects as one of the family. At a marriage which I lately witnessed in humble life, at Napoli de Romania, the chief part of the ceremony which excited my curiosity, was that of the couple joining hands and going round the priest three times, after which they receive the nuptial benediction. The lower and middling classes generally proceed to the church in triumph, preceded by bands of music and dancers, who often imitate the gesticulations said to have been practised in the saturnalia of former days. They return home in the same order, and the greatest festivity prevails for several days."

Being present at the marriage of his friend Anastatius Londo, at Napoli, Mr. Blaquiere had an opportunity of witnessing the matrimonial rejoicings of the higher orders:—

"For a whole week, my friend's house was thrown open to all the *haut ton* of Napoli. The mornings were devoted to eating and drinking, and the evenings to music and dancing. Whenever the visitors were tired of tripping the "light fantastic toe," mercenaries, of both sexes, hired for the occasion, came forward and performed some dances of a somewhat less unsophisticated nature than the Pyrrhic and nuptial minuet. You will allow that although this mode of pass-

ing the honeymoon may have its inconveniences, it is more entitled to the appellation of social, than that which devotes a new couple to a solitude of three weeks, or a month, in our part of the world.

'There is another practice connected with marriage, in high life here, that deserves particular notice, if it does not merit imitation. Whenever any man makes what our fortune hunters term a "good hit," he is expected to make liberal presents to his less favoured friends; nay, he cannot refuse to give pecuniary aid to any old acquaintance who happens to be in distress, without a violation of what long custom has converted into a species of law. My friend Londo had several calls of this kind, and did justice to all the applicants.

'In speaking of the marriage ceremony, I should have observed, that both bridegroom and bride wear matrimonial wreaths, after the manner of the ancients; they also carry lighted wax tapers. Both these and the wreaths, which are composed of flowers of the most lasting hues, are to be seen entwined before the portrait of the virgin and other relics, which every house and cottage in Greece contains. A lamp is constantly kept before the sacred emblems at night, and incense burnt before them in the morning and evening.

The domestic habits of the Greeks, their mode of bringing up children, and their strict observance of religious rites, particularly excited the admiration of our author. He conceives that the superstitions of the Greeks are fewer and less deeply rooted than in more civilized countries, but, upon his own showing, they are quite as ridiculous. Seeing a serpent is considered as a fortunate omen, while nothing can be more ominous than the sight of a hare.

'Both the Greeks and Turks hold this timid animal in the greatest dread. One of Kariaskaki's captains lately told me, that, on one occasion, while they were hotly engaged with a body of Turks, a hare happened to pass between them, upon which both parties instantly ceased firing at each other, and directed their muskets against the object of their superstitious terrors!

Though the amusements of the Greeks are not numerous or much diversified, they are keenly relished.

'As to the song and dance, such as they are, it is impossible to take a morning or evening walk, without hearing the hills and vallies resound with the former, or seeing numerous groups either occupied in dancing the favourite Pyrrhic, or engaged in some manly sport. When you travel by land or water, those who accompany you, whether as guides or companions, seldom cease to salute your ears the whole time with songs in which "fierce war and faithful love" are sung by turns. As might be expected, those of a warlike cast predominate of late, so that you seldom hear a song now, without perceiving the names of the most distinguished capitani introduced. It is a singular fact, that these boisterous and uncouth airs, without a particle of harmony or musical science, should yet improve on the ear of an European, accustomed to the melodies of Mozart, Paer, or Rossini, until at length, he even hears them with satisfaction! This may be attributed, in no small degree, to the inexpressible glee with which a party of soldiers or peasants will commence and go through one of their national songs. It is not indeed too much to say, that these rude poetical compositions, which are even in the mouths of the young children, have had a wonderful effect in maintaining the energy and spirit necessary for completing the great work of regeneration.

We conclude with a *psalme* which may

be taken as a good exemplar of the amiably enthusiastic feeling by which the volume is distinguished:—

'I have, on more than one occasion, dwelt on the activity, industry, and extraordinary patience under privations and fatigue, which distinguish the modern Greeks, above all other people among whom I have travelled. If I revert to the subject now, it is for the purpose of stating, that my former opinions have been fully confirmed by all I have seen during my present visit. Wherever the wayward fate of a Greek community leads them, it is astonishing to perceive with what rapidity huts are raised, and looms fixed; and how soon they appear to have surmounted all the apparently unconquerable difficulties of their situation. Nor can any thing be more interesting than to observe the ease and alacrity with which each member of a family proceeds to his respective task: no matter how opulent they may have formerly been. Among the strange mutations to which this sanguinary and heart-rending contest has given rise, how often have I seen women, who were known to have inhabited palaces and enjoyed every luxury before the revolution, either washing at a brook, drawing water, or working at the hand-mill, which generally forms an article of cottage furniture in Greece; and not unfrequently, as very recently near Napoli di Romania, bearing a heavy faggot, which had been hewn down with their own hands! The interest excited by such scenes, has not been diminished, by the fact of many of these victims of calamity, being still clothed in the furred and embroidered robe, though faded and torn, which added to their grace and beauty in the hour of prosperity!

'With respect to the sufferings and privations of the Greek people, ever since the commencement of the struggle, if not authenticated by numberless facts and incontestible witnesses, they might well be doubted by contemporaries, and altogether discredited by posterity. Will it be thought credible in future times, that at least one half of the Greek population of the Morea and Romelia, were driven from their homes, and condemned to wander about, living in the open air, or in caves, and frequently reduced to seek existence by picking up the herbs of the field, for a period of six years? That irregular and undisciplined bands of armed men, for the most part without shoes or great coats, and often without bread for whole weeks, could have been kept together during the rigours of winter? That such has been the fate of a great portion of the Greek women and children, and of nearly all the armed population, I call upon the detractors of this unfortunate people and their cause to controvert!

'I will only add to this incontrovertible picture of human suffering, that, under all the circumstances of the case, there has been infinitely less of personal violence and anarchy, than any reasonable observer of what the history of every other people furnishes, might have anticipated. It is a well known fact, that those plunderings and depredations which were so frequent throughout the Morea and Continental Greece, previous to the revolution, ceased at its commencement, and have never been renewed. It is true, the cause has been tarnished by the number and atrocity of the piracies which have unhappily prevailed. But when it is considered, that the wives and children of men, who had hitherto been accustomed to live in comparative luxury, were reduced to a state bordering on starvation, is it to be wondered at, that these excesses should be committed when the facilities were so great? And let me ask, whether the early history of every maritime state, has not been disgraced by still greater and much longer protracted excesses?

'Without attempting to extenuate, much

less justify the vices of the Greeks, vices which belong more or less to the most civilized people, and are here the inevitable result of a slavery as galling as it was degrading; I will boldly maintain, from the positive qualities which even their enemies cannot deny them, they would not fail, under wise laws and good government, becoming a great and virtuous people. That their struggle, sealed as it has been by endless sufferings and the blood of innumerable martyrs, may lead to this desideratum, dear alike to humanity and freedom, must be the anxious wish of every man, whose heart glows with benevolence, and who feels zealous for the dignity of human nature!

The Reply to Mr. Green's Sketches of the War in Greece, is spirited and conclusive; and the documents appended to the volume will be found of infinite service to all who desire to be accurately informed of the events distinguishing this great struggle, from the fall of Athens to the victory of Navarin,—a victory which we hope and believe will prove to have been no mean instrument in the deliverance of Greece.

LORD BYRON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. BY LEIGH HUNT.

OF all the grave charges brought against Lord Byron by Mr. Hunt, the only one of real and unquestionable importance, the only one which can at all account for or justify the soreness of feeling by which the writer is evidently actuated, is contained in the following passage:—'The public have been given to understand that Lord Byron's purse was at my command, and that I used it according to the spirit with which it was offered. *I did so.* Stern necessity, and a large family, compelled me; and, during our residence at Pisa, I had from him, or rather from his steward, to whom he always sent me for the money, and who doled it me out as if my disgraces were being counted, the sum of seventy pounds!' There is a meanness and an indelicacy about this, which tends more to lessen Lord Byron, in our estimation, than any of the peculiarities, strange and wayward as they were, upon which Mr. Hunt dwells with such minute severity. It is a subject so painful that we quit it hastily, and proceed to a portion of the volume which may be considered more dispassionately.

Mr. Hunt asserts, on more than one occasion, that Lord Byron had 'no address,' no conversational powers, none, in short, of those little, pleasant, companionable qualities, for which, we believe, Mr. Hunt himself is so deservedly celebrated. Any deficiency of this sort, we should set down as no very culpable matter; but it happens that there are many testimonies on this subject opposed to that of Mr. Hunt. Some of these, we confess, may not appear either to him or to ourselves, of a very conclusive order; but what will he say to that of Mr. Shelley? It is known, that in Julian and Maddalo, Mr. Shelley introduces us to himself and Lord Byron; and thus favourably, both in prose and verse, does he describe the latter: 'I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentrated and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication;

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men are held by it as by a spell. He has travelled much; and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries.' The whole portrait is worthy of quotation, but we must restrict our extracts to the conversational point:—

— 'I might sit

In Maddalo's great palace, and his wit
And subtle talk would cheer the winter night,
And make me know myself: and the fire light
Would flash upon our faces, till the day
Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay.'

So much for conflicting testimonials. Mr. Shelley knew Lord Byron, and examined him with a more learned and liberal spirit than their mutual friend has done; and it is Mr. Hunt's own fault if we have more faith in Shelley than we have in him.

With respect to Mr. Hunt's opinion of Lord Byron's poetical ability, little need be said. Whatever may be our respect for his general criticisms, in this particular instance we entertain but little; nor need we stay to consider what he himself would say of a critic who should acknowledge that he had read only a portion of certain works which he has no hesitation in condemning, almost unqualifiedly, as a whole. 'To the best of my recollection I never even read *Parisina*, nor is this the only one of his lordship's works of which I can say as much, acquainted as I am with the others.' There is an unpleasant assumption in this passage, which comes very gracefully from Mr. Hunt; at all events, it is a question whether our dislike of the effrontery does not exceed our gratitude for the candour of the acknowledgment.

With a few miscellaneous extracts, we conclude our notice of a volume which has disappointed us in no ordinary degree, and which, we believe, the author himself sees, or will see, abundant reason to regret having given to the world.

Mr. Hunt's account of the *Liberal* and its progress, contains some curious and interesting particulars; we quote a few, in which the author examines the conduct of Byron, Hobhouse, Moore, &c.:—

'The first number of the *Liberal* got us a great number of enemies, some of a nature which we would rather have had on our side; a great many because they felt their self-love wounded as authors, and more out of a national prejudice. The prejudice is not so strong as it was upon the particular subject alluded to; but it is the least likely to wear out, because the national vanity is concerned in it, and it can only be conquered by an admission of defects. What renders the case more inveterate is, that none partake of it more strongly than the most violent of its opponents. In addition to the scandal excited by the *Vision of Judgment*, there was the untimely seasonableness of the epigrams upon poor Lord Castlereagh. Lord Byron wrote them. They arose from the impulse of the moment; were intended for a newspaper, and in that more fugitive medium, would have made a comparatively fugitive impression. Arrested in a magazine, they were kept longer before the eyes of the public, and what might have been pardoned as an impulse, was regarded with horror as a thing deliberate. Politicians in earnest, and politicians not in earnest, were mortified by the preface; all the real or pretended orthodox, who can admire a startling poem from a state-minister (Goethe), were vexed to see that Mr. Shelley could translate it; and all the pretenders in literature were vexed by the attack upon Hoole, and the article headed *Rhyme and Reason*; in which latter

ter, I fear, even a wit, whom I could name, was capable of finding an ill intention. I began to think so when I heard of his criticisms, and saw his next poem. But the *Vision of Judgment*, with which none of the articles were to be compared, and which, in truth, is the best piece of satire Lord Byron ever put forth, was grudged us the more, and roused greater hostility on that account. Envy of the silliest kind, and from the silliest people, such as it is really degrading to be the object of, pursued us at every turn; and when Mr. Hazlitt joined us, alarm as well as envy was at its height. After all, perhaps, there was nothing that vexed these people more than their inability to discover which were Lord Byron's articles, and which not. It betrayed a secret in the shallows of criticism, even to themselves, and was not to be forgiven. The work struggled on for a time, and then, owing partly to private circumstances, which I had explained in my first writing of these pages, but which it has become unnecessary to record, was quietly dropped. I shall only mention, that Lord Byron, after the failure of the "great profits," had declared his intention of receiving nothing from the work till it produced a certain sum; and that I unexpectedly turned out to be in the receipt of the whole profits of the proprietorship, which I regarded, but too truly, as one of a very ominous description. All which publicly concerns the origin and downfall of the magazine the readers are acquainted with, excepting perhaps the political pique which Mr. Hobhouse may have felt against us, and the critical one which has been attributed to Mr. Moore. Mr. Hazlitt is supposed to have had his share in the offence; and certainly, as far as writing in the work was concerned, he gave stronger reasons for it than I could do. But he shall speak for himself in a note, at the hazard of blowing up my less gunpowder text. Mr. Hobhouse was once called upon by the electors of Westminster for an explicit statement of his opinions on the subject of reform. He gave a statement which was thought not to be explicit, or even intelligible; and I had the misfortune, in the *Examiner*, to be compelled to say that I was among the number of the dull perceptions. A few days afterwards, meeting him in St. James's Street, he said he wondered at my coming to that conclusion, and asked me how it could happen. I did not enter into the origin of the phenomenon, but said that I could not help it, and that the statement did appear to me singularly obscure. Since that time, I believe, I never saw him till we met in the Casa Lanfranchi. As to Mr. Moore, he did not relish, I know, the objection which I had made to the style of *Lalla Rookh*; but then he had told me so; he encouraged me to speak freely; he had spoken freely himself; and I felt all the admiration of him, if not of his poem, which candour, in addition to wit, can excite. I never suspected that he would make this a ground of quarrel with me in after times; nor do I now wish to give more strength to Lord Byron's way of representing things on this point than on any other. There may be as little foundation for his reporting that Mr. Moore would never forgive Hazlitt for saying that he "ought not to have written *Lalla Rookh* even for 3,000 guineas;" a condemnation which, especially with the context that follows it, involves a compliment in its very excess. But Mr. Moore was not candid when he wrote secretly to Lord Byron, to induce him to give up the magazine; and to tell him there was "a taint" in it. He says he ought to have recollected, that Lord Byron always showed the letters that were written to him. This regret he has expressed to a mutual friend; but I do not see how it mends the matter. And what did he mean by "a taint?" Was it a taint of love—(very loth-

am I to put two such words together, but it is for him to explain the inconsistency)—Was it a taint of love, or of libel? or of infidelity? or of independence? And was the taint the greater, because the independence was true? Yes: Mr. Hazlitt has explained that matter but too well.'

'The Genoese post brought us the first number of the *Liberal*, accompanied both with hopes and fears, the latter of which were too speedily realized. Living now in a separate house from Lord Byron, I saw less of him than before; and under all the circumstances, it was as well. It was during our residence in this part of Italy, that the remaining numbers of the *Liberal* were published. I did what I could to make him persevere; and have to take shame to myself, that in my anxiety on that point, I persuaded him to send over the *Blues* for insertion, rather than contribute nothing. It is the only thing connected with the *Liberal* that I gave myself occasion to regret. I cannot indeed boast of my communications to it. Illness and unhappiness must be my excuse. They are things under which a man does not always write his worst. They may even supply him with a sort of fevered inspiration; but this was not my case at the time. The only pieces I would save, if I could, from oblivion, out of that work, are the *Rhyme and Reason*, the *Lines to a Spider*, and the copy of verses entitled *Mahmoud*. The little gibe on his native place, out of *Al Hamadani*, might accompany them. I must not omit, that Lord Byron would have put his *Island* in it, and I believe another poem, if I had thought it of use. It would all have been so much dead weight; especially as the readers, not being certain it was contributed by his lordship, would not have known whether they were to be enraptured or indifferent. By and by he would have taken them out, published them by themselves, and then complained that they would have sold before, if it had not been for the *Liberal*. What he should have done for the work was to stand by it openly and manfully, to make it the obvious channel of his junction with the cause of freedom, to contribute to it not his least popular or his least clever productions, but such as the nature of the work should have inspired and recommended; or, in default of being able to do this, (for perhaps he was not fitted to write for a periodical work) he should have gained all the friends for it he could, not among those whom he "libelled all round," but among thousands of readers all prepared to admire, and love him, and think it an honour to fight under his banner. But he had no real heart in the business, nor for any thing else but a feverish notoriety. It was by this he was to shake at once the great world and the small; the mountain and the mouse; the imaginations of the public, and the approving nod of the "men of wit and fashion about town."

'At Albaro,' says Mr. Hunt, 'I passed a melancholy time, walking about the stony alleys, and thinking of Mr. Shelley. My intercourse with Lord Byron, though less than before, was considerable; and we were always, as the phrase is, "on good terms." He knew what I felt, for I said it. I also knew what he thought, for he said that, "in a manner;" and he was in the habit of giving you a good deal to understand, in what he did not say. In the midst of all his strange conduct, he professed a great personal regard. He would do the most humiliating things, insinuate the bitterest, both of me and my friends, and then affect to do all away with a soft word, protesting that nothing he ever said was meant to apply to myself.'

'I will take this opportunity of recording some more anecdotes as they occur to me. We used to walk in the grounds of the Casa Saluzzi, talking for the most part of indifferent

matters, and endeavouring to joke away the consciousness of our position. We joked even upon our differences of opinion. It was a jest between us, that the only book that was unequivocally a favourite on both sides, was Boswell's Life of Johnson. I used to talk of Johnson when I saw him out of temper, or wished to avoid other subjects. He asked me one day, how I should have felt in Johnson's company. I said it was difficult to judge; because, living in other times, and one's character being modified by them, I could not help thinking of myself as I was now, and Johnson as he was in times previous: so that it appeared to me that I should have been somewhat Jacobinical in his company, and not disposed to put up with his *ipse dixit*. He said, that "Johnson would have awed him, he treated lords with so much respect." This was better said than it was meant to be, and I have no doubt was very true. Johnson would have made him a bow like a churchwarden; and Lord Byron would have been in a flutter of worshipped acquiescence. He liked to imitate Johnson, and say, "Why, sir," in a high mouthing way, rising, and looking about him. Yet he hardly seemed to relish Peter Pindar's imitations, excellent as they were. I used to repeat to him those laughable passages out of Bozzy and Piozzy:

"Dear Dr. Johnson,——

(It is Mrs. Thrale who speaks)——

"Dear Dr. Johnson was in size an ox,
And of his uncle Andrew learnt to box,
A man to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring in Smithfield a whole year;
The doctor had an uncle too, ador'd
By jumping gentry, called Cornelius Ford;
Who jump'd in boots, which jumpers never choose,
Far as a famous jumper jump'd in shoes."

"See also the next passage in the book——

"At supper rose a dialogue on witches,"
which I would quote also, only I am afraid Mr. Moore would think I was trespassing on the privileges of high life. Again, Madame Piozzi says:——

"Once at our house, amidst our attic feasts,
We liken'd our acquaintances to beasts:
As for example—some to calves and hogs,
And some to bears and monkeys, cats and dogs.
We said, (which charm'd the doctor much, no doubt,)
His mind was like, of elephants the snout;
That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour
Of trimming well the jacket of a tiger."

"Bozzy.—When Johnson was in Edinburgh, my wife
To please his palate, studied for her life;
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the doctor, for his dinner, grouse."

"Piozzi.—Dear Doctor Johnson left off drinks fermented,

With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;
Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
Poor man! he pour'd whole floods of melted butter."

At these passages, which make me laugh so for the thousandth time, that I can hardly write them, Lord Byron had too invincible a relish of a good thing not to laugh also, but he did it uneasily. The cause is left to the reader's speculation.

"With the commiseration about the melted butter, we agreed heartily. When Lord Castlereagh killed himself, it was mentioned in the papers that he had taken his usual tea and buttered toast for breakfast. I said there was no knowing how far even so little a thing as buttered toast might not have fatally assisted in exasperating that ill state of stomach, which is found to accompany melancholy. As "the last feather breaks the horse's back," so the last injury done to the organs of digestion may make a man kill himself. He agreed with me entirely in this; and said, the world were as much in the wrong, in nine cases out of ten, respecting the immediate causes of suicide, as they were in their notions about the harmlessness of this and that food, and the quantity of it.

"Like many other wise theorists on this subject, he had wilfully shut his eyes to the practice, though I do not mean to say he was ex-

cessive in eating and drinking. He had only been in the habit, latterly, of taking too much for his particular temperament; a fault, in one respect, the most pardonable in those who are most aware of it, the uneasiness of a sedentary stomach tempting them to the very indulgence that is hurtful. I know what it is; and beg, in this, as on other occasions, not to be supposed to imply any thing to my own advantage, when I am upon points that may be construed to the disadvantage of others. But he had got fat, and then went to the other extreme. He came to me one day out of another room, and said, with great glee, "Look here! what do you say to this?" at the same time doubling the lapels of his coat one over the other:—"three months ago," added he, "I could not button it." Sometimes, though rarely, with a desperate payment of his virtue, he would make an outrageous dinner; eating all sorts of things that were unfit for him, and suffering accordingly next day. He once sent to Paris for one of the travelling pies they make there—things that distribute indigestion by return of post, and cost three or four guineas. Twenty crowns, I think, he gave for it. He tasted, and dined. The next day he was fain to make a present of six eighths of it to an envoy:—"Lord Byron's compliments, and he sends his excellency a pasty that has seen the world." He did not write this; but this was implied in his compliment. It is to be hoped his excellency had met the pasty before.

"It is a credit to my noble acquaintance, that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got wine in his head. The only time I invited myself to dine with him, I told him, I did it on that account, and that I meant to push the bottle so, that he should intoxicate me with his good company. He said he would have a set-to; but he never did it. I believe he was afraid. It was a little before he left Italy; and there was a point in contest between us (not regarding myself) which he thought perhaps I should persuade him to give up. When in his cups, which was not often, nor immoderately, he was inclined to be tender; but not weakly so, nor lachrymose. I know not how it might have been with every body, but he paid me the compliment of being excited to his very best feelings; and when I rose late to go away, he would hold me down, and say with a look of intreaty, "Not yet." Then it was that I seemed to talk with the proper natural Byron as he ought to have been; and there was not a sacrifice I could not have made to keep him in that temper; and see his friends love him, as much as the world admired. Next morning it was all gone. His intimacy with the worst part of mankind had got him again in its chilling crust; and nothing remained but to despair and joke.

"In his wine he would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of Incedon. He was not a good mimic in the detail; but he could give a lively broad sketch; and over his cups his imitations were goodnatured, which was seldom the case at other times. His Incedon was vocal. I made pretensions to the oratorical part; and between us we boasted that we made up the entire phenomenon. Mr. Mathews would have found it defective; or rather he would not; for had he been there, we should judiciously have secreted our pretensions, and had the true likeness. We just knew enough of the matter, to make proper admirers."

The articles descriptive of Shelley, Keats, Charles Lamb, &c. are worthy of them and of the writer. They are correct and beautiful sketches, and will do much towards giving popular opinion a right direction respecting the two first. The portraits of Keats and Lamb are welcome ornaments to

the volume; we regret that they were not accompanied by one of Shelley. Against his own portrait, as it appears here, Mr. Hunt has entered a most earnest protest: he says, that it "might lead people to suppose that he is not only capable of calumniating his host, but of walking off with his tankard." We cannot go so far in censure, but can state, from our recollection, that the expression is neither very like nor very flattering.

One Hundred Fables, original and selected.
By J. NORTHCOTE, R. A. Embellished
with 148 Engravings on Wood. 8vo. pp.
276. London, 1828. Lawford.

THE beauty of this volume has prompted us to examine its contents a little before its turn, and its excellence induces us to give our readers a few extracts from it previous to noticing its embellishments, which we shall more particularly attend to next week. Mr. Northcote says his chief inducement in making this collection was the amusement and employment it afforded him in the way of his profession, as a painter, in sketching designs for each fable, and although he may be but little anxious respecting what the critics may say of the literary portion of the work, we believe that he must be highly gratified, should his Fables be considered a benefit conferred upon society: for our own part, we have little hesitation in saying, that no man can be more honorably employed than in teaching morals to mankind. Some of these fables are in verse, others in prose, and we quote a few original ones, of the latter class, from the pen of our venerable and much esteemed artist:——

The Two Scythes.—It so happened that a couple of mower's scythes were placed together in the same barn: one of them was without its proper handle, and therefore remained useless and rusty; the other was complete, bright, and in good order, and was frequently made use of, in the hands of the mowers. "My good neighbour," said the rusty one, "I much pity you, who labour so much for the good of others, and withal so constantly are fretted with that odious whetstone, that scours you till you strike fire, whilst I repose in perfect ease and quiet."—"Give me leave," replied the bright one, "to explain to you, neighbour, the difference of our conditions; I must own that I labour, but then I am well rewarded in consideration that it is for the benefit of multitudes; and this gives me all my importance: it is true also that I am renovated by a harsh whetstone, but this still increases my capability to become useful in a more powerful degree—whilst you remain the insignificant and helpless victim of your pride and idleness, and in the end fall a prey to a devouring rust, useless, unpitied, and unknown."

Application.—Idleness in every station in life is attended by a portion of misery. By it the health is impaired, the intellects benumbed, all importance or value in society is forfeited, and as we contribute nothing towards the profit or pleasure of mankind, we become little better than outcasts or burdens on the earth. In the rich, idleness produces a mental misery, and they become the prey of melancholy: and in the inferior orders, its fruits are poverty, vice, and disease. And if the industrious do meet with rubs in the world, still like the whetstone to the scythe, it sharpens their wits, and prepares them by an acquisition of knowledge and experience to overcome difficulties with more facility."

The Traveller.—A man travelling on foot

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chanced to see lying in the road before him, several adders who were basking in the sun; he started back, having nearly trod on them, and with much respect and compassion walked out of the path to avoid hurting them.

Continuing his journey, it was not long before he came to some earth-worms, who had issued out of the ground after a shower, and unluckily for themselves were in the midst of the road, for the traveller paying no attention to them, carelessly crushed them to death under his feet.

Application.—We may perceive in the above example how little mankind are inclined to pay homage, respect, or even the common rights of humanity, to those who are without the power to inspire them with either hope or fear: but it may be observed, on the contrary, with what humility and caution we approach and condescend even to flatter those we perhaps in our hearts despise, if they are but in exalted stations or potent by their wealth, while the weak or the inoffensive are so very little the objects of our attention or regard, that we are liable to insult or injure them; often more from want of thought than from any premeditated design. And we find also, that we are able to control our passions most amazingly when in the presence of our superiors, or when it is for our interest so to do,—those passions which seem to be above our management or subjection when we are with those who are beneath us, and unable to resent our affronts.

The Philosopher and Sheet of Paper.—A sage philosopher being one day in a gentleman's library, saw lying on the table a sheet of paper, which had once been white, but was now blotted and scrawled all over with nonsense and ill-drawn figures. "Ah!" said the sage, "had this sometime spotless paper been committed to the trust and care of proper hands, it might at this time have contained an excellent poem or an accomplished drawing, lessons of morality or doctrines of science, instead of being thus defaced, and rendered worse than useless, by the display of blots and scratches, dirt and folly, fit only at present to singe a roasting pullet or to kindle the fire, and the sooner it is destroyed the better.

Application.—The infant mind is pure and unsullied, like the fairest white paper, without a stain, and the first impressions it receives, we all know by experience, are the deepest and most difficult to be erased; therefore it becomes more particularly our duty, as we value the future welfare of the child, to be careful of the first instructions and notions which are given to it. Praise children for being pretty, and they will endeavour to set themselves off. Praise them for being good, and they will endeavour to be virtuous.

Uncle Peregrine's Heiress. A Novel. By ANN OF SWANSEA. 5 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. A. K. Newman and Co.

THE Authoress of this work, (said to be a sister of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. C. Kemble) is already favourably known to the public as the writer of several novels of a similar class. She undoubtedly possesses a good knowledge of the world and the art of happily describing the various vices and foibles of high life, as well as the sterling virtues and modest merits of many in a humbler sphere, and, were she to confine herself to brief and pithy descriptions of these, her writings must become extremely popular. Unfortunately, however, she indulges in constant repetition and amplification, which is too evident in the character of Lady Athelstone, an illiterate woman—a vulgar Mrs. Malaprop, whose sudden elevation to a title and an immense

fortune almost turns her brain and awakens in her bosom the evil passions of pride and avarice: her husband, on the contrary, is a fine picture of a plain upright British merchant; his character is well sustained throughout, and so, indeed, are several others in the novel. On the whole, *Uncle Peregrine's Heiress* may safely be recommended as an amusing and strictly moral production.

Penitence: a Story. 12mo. pp. 172. 1828. Murray.

THIS little story is extracted from the first volume of Dr. Warton's *Death-Bed Scenes and Pastoral Conversations*; it is now professedly published in a cheap and separate form, in order to enable the rich to circulate it widely in the humble ranks of life; and its manifest superiority to most works designed for that purpose, renders it likely to be more eminently useful to the poorer classes of society, than many similar productions.

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Vol. X. 8vo. pp. 472. 1828. Limbird.

THIS work is certainly the cheapest publication extant, and is quite as well conducted as heretofore. The present volume is illustrated with 54 engravings, including a good portrait of the Duke of Clarence, is closely printed on fine paper, and is sold in boards for the small price of five shillings and sixpence!

Belmour: a Novel. By the Hon. ANNE SEYMOUR DAMER. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

THIS is an elegantly written story, though it possesses nothing sufficiently striking or original, to give additional reputation to the name of Damer. It is a reprint, and were it not so, carries with it sufficient evidence that it was composed long previous to the *Waverley* innovation. It is the destiny of *Belmour*, (an accomplished sentimental young man, with 'a fine figure,' &c.) to love two married women; the first equally fascinating and unprincipled, and whom he has enough self-possession and good sense to give up, after he has discovered her worthlessness; and the second, so good and lovely a creature, that Mrs. Damer despatches the intervening husband to make room for her hero; and *Belmour* and the widow become an exceedingly happy couple. There are some light and unstudied but happy pieces of portraiture, and, among them, our favourite is Lady Clementina; a creature so full of truth and frankness, that she expects to find an abundance of the same qualities in every one else: with these she unites intelligence and unceasing gaiety, and thus throws a charm over the whole work.

ORIGINAL.

To the Editor of The Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Should the following *jeu-d'esprit*, written in the Latin Sapphic Hendecasyllabic measure, and addressed to a popular and fascinating actress, meet with your approval, I shall be obliged by its insertion in your journal.

It will be perceived that the word 'Vestris' becomes, with perfect facility, a Latin noun of the third declension, a circumstance which is incident to very few modern names. Miss Foote, whose talents are of a very infe-

rior calibre, has been the subject of the Roman muse, and, surely, the all-accomplished madame well deserves to be celebrated on the Latin lyre. Your's, &c. R. M.

AD VESTREM.

O Thaliæ filia gaudiumque
Mente Palladis, venerisque formâ,
Te decus scenæ nitidum canemus,
Aurea Vestris.

Quis vocat, jam, te dominam juvenis
Quem tenes captum, roseis catenis
Quem doces, quæ sint in amore vires,
Bella magistra.

Semper in proscenia quum revertas,
Læta te cognoscere turba plausu;
Stridet amplum murmuribus theatrum,
Te veniente.

Jam cothurnis, crura venusta vincis;
Ac fides dulcem citharamve tacta
Ut deus vultuque, graduque, prodis,
Pulcher Apollo.

In tuis rident oculis amores;
Voce vivat dulce melos canorâ;
—E labello purpureoque pendet,
Blandula suada.

R. M.

WIVES!

Reply to H. — Probable Character of his Friends—The Nassau Street Society—Age of Gallantry, &c.

THE letter of H., my dear Mr. Editor, has disquieted me so much, that I have tried in vain, since the 19th of January at noon, to restore myself to that serenity which should be the distinguishing characteristic of an unmarried lady.—He speaks of admirers of 'wedded love,' of 'connubial bliss,' and of a few young men who are cautious of approaching too near the torch of Hymen, lest, like moths, they should burn their wings, and lose all power of escape. He also tells of the society in Nassau Street, (which is of course excellent, or he would not quote, dwell upon, and reiterate their sentiments,) that their circumspection is likely to perpetuate their state of single blessedness; forsooth why?—Is it because the learned president sets forth, that 'whoso findeth a good wife, findeth a good thing?' No; the whole drift of his argument seems to be, that the ladies of the present day are *unfit* to become help-mates; that no subject interests them but dress; that their pursuits are wholly frivolous; that they are unfit for intelligent companions, and, of course, unfit to make 'home, heaven.' I cannot follow him through the train of odium he is willing to draw upon our sex, the distinguishing characteristics of which are, according to him, a destitution of all sterling virtues; helplessness, pride, affectation, and fretfulness; and he further describes us as sluggish, unneat, and discontented with every thing and every person but our individual selves. Although it is not my intention to follow the bespattering hero through all his course, nor to vindicate our injured sisterhood from all these unattached slanders, yet I will contend, in opposition to one of his first observations, that the *female* portion of the community is not that *least* fitted to enter into the 'holy state of matrimony;' and if he complains, that of those of his friends who have suffered themselves to be wed, very few have found wives according to the true acceptance of the term, I answer, this result shows that those friends are most probably men of the world, men who think merely of the enjoyments of wealth, and who forget that much is requisite on their part also, in order

to make 'home, heaven.' May I inquire what is the distinguishing character of our young men? They may, perhaps, be well divided into two classes, viz.: men of the gay world and men of the reading world. The first, delighting in gaming, prize fighting, and drinking; invariably making money their first consideration;—the latter, judging of every thing by what they read, rather than by any personal observations. The first class are utterly unworthy of any other feeling than contempt:—they will marry a woman of any age, class, or habits, for gain; and their chief glory is in marrying a fine girl with a few thousands, though they are still entirely reckless of her happiness. Are such as these among the friends H. speaks of? I judge not—and am rather inclined to place them in the second class, which I honestly confess, I hold in almost as great abhorrence as the former. In them I discover a canting hypocrisy which pervades every action; they have a cowardice at heart, clothed with affected considerateness; they allege that they 'could not think of marrying an amiable woman with so little prospect of making her happy;'—'doubt whether they could ever provide for their children as they could wish;' with sundry other considerate remarks, replete with similar, exact, and exalted calculations;—and if they find a woman whose love is strong enough to brave all the difficulties of life, and share them, she must be inconsiderate, rash, thoughtless, totally unqualified for happiness. They desire perfection to meet their imperfections,—beauty, wealth, and cultivated talent; and a humility to palliate every waywardness, and to obey them implicitly, under all changes and irregularities; and then, then only, have they found 'a good thing.' These moderns, too, pretend to all the virtues of men of the last century; but, alas! I fear the age of gallantry is past; for we see that men take up the pen to calumniate, instead of the sword to defend us; they nearly all despise their forefathers, think meanly of women, and highly of themselves; and consider the path to matrimony as leading, not to happiness, but to wedded misery; or I should not have to subscribe myself, at the age of twenty-five,

AN UNMARRIED LADY.

DORINDA'S SORROWS; OR, HAPLESS LOVE! A BALLAD.

Oh! blame not my sorrow!
Oh! chide not my grief!
Sighs, now are my comfort,
And tears, my relief:
They fall as bless'd dew,
They a soft balm impart,
Sadly soothing, and dear
To this torn aching heart.
Vain!—vain! is thy solace—
I sink, 'neath the stroke!
My spirit's exhausted:—
My—*dram-bottle's* broke! D. U. U.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT: A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

As I was one summer's evening looking over a book of flowers painted from nature, a pale sprig of eglantine brought to mind the neat white-washed cottage, by the side of which it had once flourished. The inmate of the humble dwelling was a poor but contented old woman, whom, owing to the various visits I had recently paid and received after a long absence from home, I had not been able to

call on as usual; and hastily tying on my hat, I took my way through a lane almost impassable with wreaths of woodbine and other hedge wild flowers, to her habitation. It was the hour at which she was generally seated, spinning at her cottage door, and singing the songs best liked in her youth, and every step I took I listened for her voice; but the cow-boy trilling his lay, and the lowing of his herds, as they were slowly winding their homeward way from the still sun-tinged meadows, were the only sounds which broke on the stillness of the evening. I reached the spot I sought, but all was changed, all silence and desolation. The once neat little cottage stood no longer there, but piles of bricks and beams of wood were promiscuously hurled in every direction. The little garden, beautiful in summer's bloom, and neat when bloom was over, (for there the fallen leaf and the insidious weed were never suffered to remain,) was now rudely trodden by the foot of the demolisher. The vegetables, which the humble cottager used to vend for her maintenance, had been trampled down as heedlessly as her flowers, among which her favourite rose-tree, which had so lately luxuriantly covered one end of the tenement, had been torn from the supporting wall, and laid with its green wreaths trailing along the path; while around it wall-flowers, pinks, and polyanthus were crushed amid bricks, lime, dust, and mortar. Such a scene was so unexpected, the change so sudden, from the clean and cheerful appearance that the same spot bore only a few months previously, that I became lost in wonder and conjecture. As I stood ruminating on the desolation, I heard a wild and frenzied laugh, and on turning round, beheld the once-happy habitant of the humble dwelling. She was arrayed in a blue stuff gown, in happier days her Sunday garment, to which wild flowers of various descriptions, intermingled with straws, were affixed in whimsical arrangement. Still in the curious costume, neatness was blended with absurdity, and her white cap and handkerchief told of better times. I involuntarily spoke to her, but she started back, and repulsed my offered hand; then hastily stepping forward, gazed so intently on me, that I thought her looks were growing into recognition, and I was on the point of addressing her on the subject of her ruined abode, when the same wild laugh burst forth afresh, and she hastily fled from the spot.

On my return, I learnt that the cottage had been pulled down, and the garden laid waste, by order of the landlord, that the ground might be planted, to add to the extent of a plantation, which he preferred seeing from his drawing-room windows to the straw-roofed tenement and its simple garden; and that the old woman had offered, in her affection for the spot, to endeavour to pay an advance of rent, but was rejected, and from that hour she used to say all her peaceful days were gone, since the home which had sheltered her so many years was to be taken away; and whenever another dwelling was proposed to her; 'No, no,' she would exclaim, 'I can never like any other, it was here that my old father, when he was dying, said, "Ellen, never leave this cottage, it was here you learnt your duty, it was here you saw your parents living poor, but contented;" yes,' she would continue sighing, 'here

in the summer's evenings we sat together, on the old bench, listening to the music of the bees, and looking on our cottage flowers, and since it may not be here that my head may sink to rest, I care not where it be.' Thus would she lament the first misfortune she had sincerely felt, devoid of all the near connections of life; the little spot of earth, and the humble comforts attached to it were become unusually dear to her heart, and that heart was a warm one.

When the day for the poor woman's quitting arrived, she wander'd off for weeks, no one could tell whither; and then returned, bearing the signs of having suffered by illness, and want of proper food and rest, and with the melancholy aberration of intellect, which I had so recently witnessed.

Time passed on, but no ray of returning reason dawned on the mind of the once-happy cottager. Decked with her fanciful trappings, I often met her: sometimes she was muttering an unintelligible jargon, at others, she was gathering wild flowers, and picking up straws, to form some new decoration to her whimsical dress; at others, I beheld her culling the smooth and shining pebbles from the new gravelled road; these she called her gems, and with such she was always amply provided, in order, as she said, to pay off all obligations.

It had once been her pride to keep from asking parochial relief: if illness assailed her, she knew how to concoct salubrious mixtures from certain herbs; if her crop of cucumbers failed, she would be doubly industrious in the harvest field; and still a proud spirit of independence attended her wanderings, and shone conspicuous amidst her malady, and she would give in return, for the smallest gratuity she received, some of her valued pebbles. Many had been her friends, the rich had respected her for her industrious habits, the aged poor had loved her for her friendliness and readiness to assist them at all times, to the best of her power, and the young cottager would often forego a maying to sit under the rose-tree by Ellen's door, and listen to her tales and songs. With a voice wild, and broken through age and affliction, she would still sing verses of the latter, and, in her excited moments, would compose extempore stanzas, at hearing which, the wandering goatherd listened, sighed, and blessed himself. No heir was born in the neighbourhood but she honoured the event by an effusion; no wedding train tripped over the village green but she brought up the rear; and no act of oppression was talked of but it received her ban, at which many have shuddered, for although but a wild and wandering maniac, many of Ellen's maledictions have been fearfully verified.

'Tis now many years ago that I beheld the subject of this tale, but with other remembrances of the neighbourhood of my birth, she and her sorrows are recalled to mind; and I have never heard of projected alterations in the grounds of the opulent, to effect which the cottager's home was demolished, without thinking of the poor old woman; and should this little tale, founded on a fact, ever meet the public eye, and be the means of inducing one of the sons of wealth to spare the humble dwelling of the poor, with its garden of wild flowers, the wishes of its author will not be wholly ungratified. E. B.

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STANZAS.

MARK the lone and withered leaf
 On that rose's bosom lying,
 Who would not wish life as brief,
 Could they be so blest in dying?
 Had that leaf, less soon, decayed,
 'Twould have fall'n mid storms and showers,
 How much sweeter now to fade
 On a grave of smiles and flowers!
 Did I know as fair a breast,
 With a fond heart 'neath it, beating,
 Where I might, beloved, rest
 While my latest breath was fleeting;
 When that hallowed moment came,
 Which so many meet with anguish,
 I should almost curse my frame,
 If to death it would not languish:
 For, oh, 'tis better far to die
 At once, when one we find to love us,
 And to feel our spirits fly,
 Regretted to the world above us,
 Than be doomed to live, and see
 Cold estrangement from us sever
 Hearts that once were pledged to be
 Mingled with our own for ever! **SFORZA.**

FINE ARTS.

A Collection of Costumes, Arms, and Furniture, illustrative of the History of France from Childeric I. to the Year 1800, with an Historical Commentary. Quarto, published in Monthly Parts, beginning from the first of November last. Paris, 1828.

THIS collection is not a mere memorial of luxury or vain curiosity, destined to remain forgotten in a library, or in the folio of an amateur of drawings. The present age is fastidious and difficult to please; it expects the details of every production to correspond with the whole, and above all it requires that paintings, theatrical representations, and even novels descriptive of manners and of epochs, (of which the celebrated Scottish baronet has given so many brilliant illustrations,) should display a fidelity of local description, extending equally to dresses, monuments, arms, furniture, places, and customs. The theatres of the present day no longer admit of costumes being chosen according to the caprice, the figure, or the appearance of such or such an actor: and with regard to the painting, it will be sufficient to examine existing productions, the greater part of which are composed of pictures of the above class, to be convinced of the utility of this collection, which will spare the artist, the writer, and the actor many difficult, fatiguing, and often useless researches.

To have accomplished his task so admirably, our author must unite the erudition of an antiquary, with great freedom of design; and it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the immense number of subjects he has consulted. Besides the manuscripts, and the numerous portfolios of the French libraries, the collections of Gaignières, of Montfaucon, and of several others (whose names, as well as the volumes and pages he has referred to, are carefully mentioned,) have been examined by him with astonishing patience. With respect to the execution, the specimens of his labours, which M. Le Comte de Viel Castal exhibited this year at the Louvre, must prove that nothing can be amiss in that respect. Another merit of this work, which we ought to specify, is the exactitude with which the author has traced the different styles of the drawings of each century; he

has, in a measure, presented us with duplicates of them, thus giving an idea of the arts and of their progress during the whole course of the history of France. Most of the princes of Europe have subscribed to this work, and the French minister of the interior has ordered that a certain number of copies should be bought for all the libraries in the kingdom. The list of subscribers will shortly be published, and, we doubt not, many English names will be found amongst them.

Remarks on the Improvements now in Progress in St. James's Park.

A SPIRITED little brochure has just made its appearance addressed to the members of both Houses of Parliament; it contains some severe observations upon the new palace and the gradual encroachments which Mr. Nash is making upon St. James's Park; it states that it is intended to pull down Marlborough House and St. James's Palace, and to carry on the improvements which commenced last year by the destruction of Carlton House garden, and the cutting down of the trees; the author says,—

'The public now see that their place is to be supplied with a row of tall houses, which really would seem to be building for a wager between their respective bricklayers, as to which can build the quickest and the highest; and which look, compared with surrounding objects, like the giants storming Heaven. Mr. Nash intends to carry devastation still farther—to cut down the trees in Marlborough-House garden, and St. James's garden—to pull down those two houses, and to block up the whole space with more rows of tall houses immediately abutting upon the Park,—and behind which are to be two streets, running parallel with Pall-Mall, to be called Marlborough-house street, and Palace Street. Thus narrowing St. James's Park, which was already too narrow: abridging us of our air, and space, and light,—adding to our smoke—and all for what? Not for any public improvement, nor for any laudable purpose, but in order, by the ground-rent of the new houses, to gain money, to enable Mr. Nash to go on with such palaces as Buckingham House! The plan, it should be added, extends to the Stable-yard. Lord Harrington's mansion is to be swept away, and on its site are to be reared more gigantic houses; which will afford a striking, though certainly not beautiful contrast with the low square edifice of York house, which they will almost elbow, and quite overhang and command.'

The readers of *The Literary Chronicle* are already acquainted with our objections to the New Palace; we give the author's—

'That Mr. Nash greatly benefited the town by the creation of Regent Street, every one must allow; but when, having completed this, he turned to erecting palaces, most persons, it is believed, were disposed to view his designs with suspicion. How he has performed his task in palace building it is not necessary to stop to inquire. If Mr. Nash can persuade (it is hardly probable though that he can) the enlightened and tasteful Ruler of these realms to inhabit a house, of which the front is blocked up by its own wings—of which the portico consists of the heaviest Doric columns without bases below, and of the most ornamented Corinthian above, adorned with a frieze of the most heterogeneous kind, and of which the whole is surmounted by a little cupola resembling in shape and size an egg in an egg-cup;—if he can induce him to suffer his own private apartments to look due north, and his garden to be filled with a stagnant pond, by means of which, being between that

and the canal in St. James's Park, the Palace must be damp, and probably aguish;—if he can make him think the Arch of Constantine (which is to be placed before the palace) a model of pure taste;—if he can prevent his objecting to the neighbourhood of Pimlico, and above all to the smoke of Elliott's brewery,—no other person has a right to complain.'

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.—*King's Theatre, Jan. 26* Tancredi and Hassan et le Calife.

Drury Lane, Jan. 25. The Turkish Lovers and the Pantomime.—26. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—28. Edward the Black Prince and the Pantomime.—29. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—30. Ancient and Modern Music.—31. The Critic, the Haunted Inn, and the Pantomime.

Covent Garden, Jan. 25. The Serf and the Pantomime.—26. The Serf and the Pantomime.—28. King Henry IV. and the Pantomime.—29. Artaxerxes, Katharine and Petruchio, and the Pantomime.—31. The School for Scandal and the Pantomime.

KING'S THEATRE.—Madame Pasta made her first appearance this season on Saturday evening, as Tancredi, in Rossini's opera. If Madame Pasta is not the finest singer ever heard at this theatre, she has histrionic powers which make her most delightful. Madame Caradori sang with her usual effect, and the opera went off with eclat.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—A new play called an historical one, 'founded on Shirley, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and adapted for representation by Mr. F. Reynolds, assisted by the music of Mr. H. R. Bishop, was played on Monday night; it is entitled *Edward the Black Prince*, and its principal incidents are founded on the Battle of Poitiers. This slight notice may well be sufficient for the occasion, for there is little worthy of remark; we must, however, observe, that notwithstanding the piece was got up with considerable splendour, it was destitute of all other interest, was opposed as it proceeded, and, upon being announced for repetition, it met with so much opposition, that it is quite doubtful whether it will be performed again.

An oratorio was performed on Thursday, under the direction of Mr. Bishop. The music was selected from the works of the most eminent composers, and the principal vocalists were Mr. Braham, Madame Pasta, Made Feron, and Miss Grant.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday night, Mr. Wood appeared as Artaban, in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. We have before observed that, in points of tenderness, or in the general expression of pathetic cadences, Mr. Wood's powers are always conspicuous, and whenever they were called forth, on this occasion, he lost none of his former reputation; but much of the music is not adapted to his style, and although he played well, his representation of Artaban will not increase his celebrity. Madame Vestris and Miss Hughes sang delightfully. Mr. Kemble and Miss Chester completed the evening's treat by their performance of Katherine and Petruchio.

A new piece has been produced at Sadler's Wells, entitled *The Earthquake*; and, as the bills say, written by Mr. T. Dibdin. It is nothing more than a literal translation from *Le Juif Errant*, of M. Caignez, and was first altered and adapted to the English stage by

Mr. Doran; we remember seeing it played at the Surrey, under the title of *The Wandering Jew*, for the benefit of Tom Blanchard; H. Kemble enacted Iglouf, the principal character.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Mudford has retired from the management of *The Courier*, of which he has been editor nearly eleven years. It appears that the unsolicited support he gave to Mr. Canning disqualified him from remaining the editor of that paper whilst it continues the organ of the existing government, for, he publicly declares that 'no one dared to hope he would render himself acceptable by assailing him dead, whom living he honoured.' What will Mr. Leigh Hunt say to this?

Mr. Jacob Jones, the author of *Longinus* and other works, has prepared for one of the theatres a five-act tragedy, entitled *Spartacus*, or the Roman Gladiator.

By an official statement just published of the state of Newgate during the last year, it appears the number of prisoners in custody on the 1st of January, 1823, were—

Males and females	378
Committed to Dec. 31st, under 21 years	1250
Above that age	1770
	3398
There remained in custody, Jan. 1, 1823	353
	3065

Of this number, 864 were acquitted, and 214 were sentenced to death, 19 of whom were executed. The other capital convicts were principally for highway robberies, house-breaking, burglaries, and horsestealing, and one for murder.

The Duchess of Duras, the authoress of *Ourika* and *Edouard*, died lately at Nice, after a long and painful illness.

A Spanish botanist asserts that the soil of the south of Spain is suitable to all the shrubs and trees that grow in the whole world. The coffee-tree vegetates abundantly, and produces a superb bean in the climate of Malaga. The mahogany and American cedar-tree, and the cachimentier, a tree known at the Havannah, bearing, on account of its toughness, the name of (*quiebra hacha*) or axe breaker—i. e. hardwood, is likewise successfully cultivated there. This discovery of the botanist gives rise to the regret that so rich and favoured a country, abounding in all the gifts of nature, should be peopled by monks and beggars.

The Merchant's Wedding, a new comedy in five acts, is announced for representation, next week, at Covent-Garden.

The Diaphragm.—This is the great muscle of respiration; it is intimately connected with the mind through the medium of firm white vascular cords, called nerves; it is in the region of this muscle that we refer all painful and pleasurable sensations of the mind: it is in this region that the agony of grief and the pangs of disappointment are so sensibly felt. Nothing, indeed, can operate strongly on the mind, without, in some degree, disturbing the regularity of the functions of the viscera in this region; hence in palpitation, syncope, sighing, sobbing, and convulsive laughter, which are all natural consequences of mental emotion, the heart, lungs, and diaphragm, are more or less concerned.—*Litchfield on Medical Education*.

Mr. Lough, the sculptor, of whom we gave several interesting details in our last volume, has a group, in a forward state, of Iris waking Somnus.

It is pleasing to find that the most wildly-tempered minds can at times be tranquillized into a holy state of feeling by the simple peal of church bells. Bonaparte is recorded to have said—'Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of Nature, as I was walking in these grounds (of Malmaison), the sound of the church-bell of Rue! fell on my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth—I was profoundly affected. Such is the effect of early habit and associations.—*R. Montgomery on the Deity*.

Lady Caroline Lamb, the authoress of *Glenarvon*, and whose name in early life was much associated with that of Lord Byron, expired last Friday evening, at her apartments in Pall Mall.

Extract of a letter from Paris, Jan. 28th—'Yesterday Mademoiselle Lafitte was married, by civil contract, to the Prince of the Moskwa; and the religious ceremony will take place to-day, at noon, with great pomp, in the church of St. Roch. In the evening a brilliant fete will be given in the splendid mansion of M. Lafitte. When the contract was signed, an exposition was made, according to our custom, of the *trousseau* (the bride's clothes or paraphernalia) and all the wedding presents, which were remarkable for their magnificence.'

GAPING IS CATCHING; OR, THE VOLUME RETURNED.

'How is this?—my book's dogs-ear'd!

It gapes, d'y'e see?—'

'Sir, I first gaped at it,—

And it now gapes at thee.' D. U. U.

The following very interesting descriptions are extracted from Dr. Abernethy's Lectures:—

'*The Skull and Face*.—There is something to be mentioned to you respecting the general form of the skull. Drs. Hunter and Camper turned their minds to it about the same time, and, I believe, without either knowing the intention of the other. Camper drew a line from the most projecting part of the forehead to the most projecting part of the upper jaw: this he called a *facial* line—this is Camper's *facial* line. Now, if you draw another line through that, in a horizontal manner, so as to pass from the base of the nose along the opening of the ear, you will then have an angle—the two lines will have nearly all the brain between them; and the greater the angle, of course the larger the brain. Here is the skull of an African—the angle is very small, you see—the forehead goes back—the facial line recedes more and more from the perpendicular towards the horizontal line. Here is a different sort of skull, where the lines intersect each other at nearly right angles. In this way Camper distinguished between varieties of mankind and animals. I have been sometimes talking to artists over those specimens of statues left us by the ancients: what is the reason that we see in them something that always fascinates us, at the same time that we find every thing exaggerated in them? The ancients did exaggerate in their statues: but then there was so much delicacy, so much grace in their exaggeration, that you did not see it, but you were fascinated: their foreheads, for instance. Look at them, and you see them coming forward—they overhang the

rest of the face. You see they do not shelve away—they are broad and expanded. Animals, the brutes, have scarcely foreheads; the monkey's forehead, you see recedes: and here is the dog's forehead—it falls back completely. The ancients, therefore, with reason, gave a full projecting forehead to their statues, to dignify them—to mark, as it were, the striking difference there was between man and other animals. Now the *eyebrow* is quite peculiar to man—no other animal has it; mark that. What did the ancients do? Why they laboured that part of the human countenance with extraordinary care; for it is a part that is, in a particular manner, adapted to convey expression. The *eyes*, too, they managed in the same way. Some of the inferior animals have their eyes so brought forward on the surface of their face, that they can see sideways: they can see around them, and even behind them. That's the case with the hare—the poor timid animal can see behind him; and so constantly does he keep looking backwards when pursued, that he will rush upon an obstacle right before him; and, as sometimes happens in the chase, will absolutely break his neck by the force with which he rushes against it. Now this looking sideways, and about one, is the sign of a suspicious, apprehensive, anxious disposition. The ancients knew that, and what did they do? They gave to the faces of their statues eyes that looked straightly and directly upon you—that looked sternly forwards; and they did this in order to convey to the beholder that the originals felt the very reverse of timidity, of apprehension, and suspicion. Then the *nose*. Man has a peculiar one: it has a bridge in it; all other animals want the nose, as it is in man. Those animals, instead of a nose, have a *snout*—it's a *snout*, not a nose—(a laugh). Now the ancients, in their heads, attended greatly to the nose: you will find they placed the bridge of it very high in the face; they placed it above the centre of the orbit of the eyes. The Greeks brought the nose straight down—the Romans gave it a bend upwards: they arched it, thinking that to be the handsomest form; but this is all matter of taste. The *nostrils* they made as little like a snout as possible. In the statues of the ancients you see the *mouth* made in a peculiar way; it is, so to speak, as little like a devouring aperture as possible. It is, however, an aperture, and that they knew very well; but they also knew it was made for articulating, for expressing thoughts by language; and they made it as expressive as they could. The *lips* were made muscular and strong. Brutes, we find, have no *chins*—that is a part of the face peculiar to men. The ancients were very particular about it, and formed it large and expressive. Now if you could put all these features on paper, as I have described them, you would have the countenance of Jupiter Olympus himself. The ancients, however, did not give the same face to all their statues: oh, no; it is quite true what Dr. Spurzheim said of them, that that they knew much better than to place the head of a philosopher upon the shoulders of a gladiator.

'Now this sort of inquiry is perhaps more curious than useful; it belongs to physiology, and should be left to be considered under its proper head. I will not therefore go farther with it, merely making one observation with respect to the supposed possibility of ascer-

taining the shape of observation skulls, (h) you see se outward s responding not tell yo the skull largement ment used Barlow. gument a think of th you like, I said to I "Why, do true what it." I do think it a fair thing, intentions Judge of conduct—astray in y piece of ac selves be upon you tions of an the tenor o sure you h

WEEKLY

Day of the Month.	
Jan. 25
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TO READ

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H.'s letter nial Society, unmatd rea

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PREPARIN Dominion of tural.—The Romances.

taining men's dispositions and character from the shape of their heads and faces; and the observation is this—that I have seen various skulls, (here is one, for instance,) in which you see several considerable elevations on the outward surface, without there being any corresponding depression on the inside. I need not tell you that, where there is no hollow in the skull inside, there could have been no enlargement of brain; and this was an argument used against the phrenologists by Dr. Barlow. Now I don't use it or any other argument against them; I don't let my mind think of the subject at all. You may do as you like, but I don't care about it; for, as I said to Dr. Spurzheim at the very outset, "Why, doctor," said I, "it may be all very true what you say; but I'll not enter into it." I don't wish to enter into it; for I do think it a very unhandsome thing, a very unfair thing, to judge of any man's motives and intentions by his outward appearance at all. Judge of a man by his actions—look to his conduct—see what it is, and you'll not go astray in your opinions. Ah, there is a wise piece of advice, "Judge not, lest you yourselves be judged:"—and for you to take it upon you to infer the motives and dispositions of any man, upon any *less* authority than the tenor of his actions, is a thing that I am sure you have no right to do."

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Jan. 25	44	46	45	30	38	Fair.
..... 26	48	51	46	..	48	Fair.
..... 27	48	51	41	..	46	Fair.
..... 28	38	42	38	..	48	Fair.
..... 29	32	35	31	..	50	Foggy.
..... 30	38	41	34	..	34	Cloudy.
..... 31	40	44	45	29	86	Cloudy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We have frequent occasion to regret our inability to show, by *immediate* insertion, how highly we estimate the favours of our correspondents. Our poetical contributors, in particular, may accuse us of the (involuntary) sin of delay; the writers, however, are not the only sufferers,—it must be conceded that it is no small mortification to withhold, even for a week, communications so generally delightful.

H's letter respecting the Nassau Street Matrimonial Society, has excited considerable interest in our unmet readers of both sexes.

From a variety of communications of all kinds, deprecatory and approving, sarcastic or apologetic, according to the dispositions of the writers, we select a reply at once ingenious and bitter.

The written communications, La Hamelle, Eugene, Cornelia, and others, we are under the necessity of declining, as however vitally important the subject, variety must distinguish THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

We shall be glad to see farther extracts from the Diary of our esteemed contributor Gregory Neer-dwell.

E. B.'s communications, of whatever nature, must be always acceptable. The Song in our next.

There is much poetical feeling and considerable promise in H. Lieven's communication, but these are marred by so much incorrectness as to render its rejection necessary.

We are sorry to omit several important articles intended for the present number of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE; among them is a continuation of the valuable Sketches of Society, and interesting individual portraits, which our friend persists in distinguishing by the somewhat tautological title of Recollections and Reminiscences, for which he has his own reasons, and, doubtless, good ones.

The insertion of the prices of the books at the heads of our reviews, would render us liable to additional stamp duties.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: A History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain and Portugal.—The Eleventh Part of Thoms' Early Prose Romances.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: The Parliamentary Review, 8vo. 12s.—Dodd's Connoisseur's Repertory, Part 3, 12mo. 8s., 8vo. 16s.—Northcote's Fables, royal 8vo. 26s.—The Old Irish Knight, 4s.—Seord's Sermons for Schools, 5s.—Sayings and Doings, Third Series, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Angelo's Reminiscences, 8vo. 15s.—Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Porter's Coming Out and Field of Forty Footsteps, 3 vols. 30s.—Mitchell's Dendrologia, 15s.—Robson's Picturesque Views of English Cities, 4 guineas; proofs, 8l.—Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, 2 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.; Imperial 8vo. 8l. 8s.; Proofs, India paper, 4to. 14l. 14s.

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